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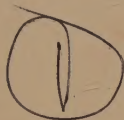


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CITIES AND THEIR STORIES



THE PALACE OF NATIONS, GENEVA.

F. H. Jullien : Photo.

CITIES AND THEIR STORIES

AN
INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY
OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

BY
EILEEN POWER, M.A., D.LIT.
AND
RHODA POWER

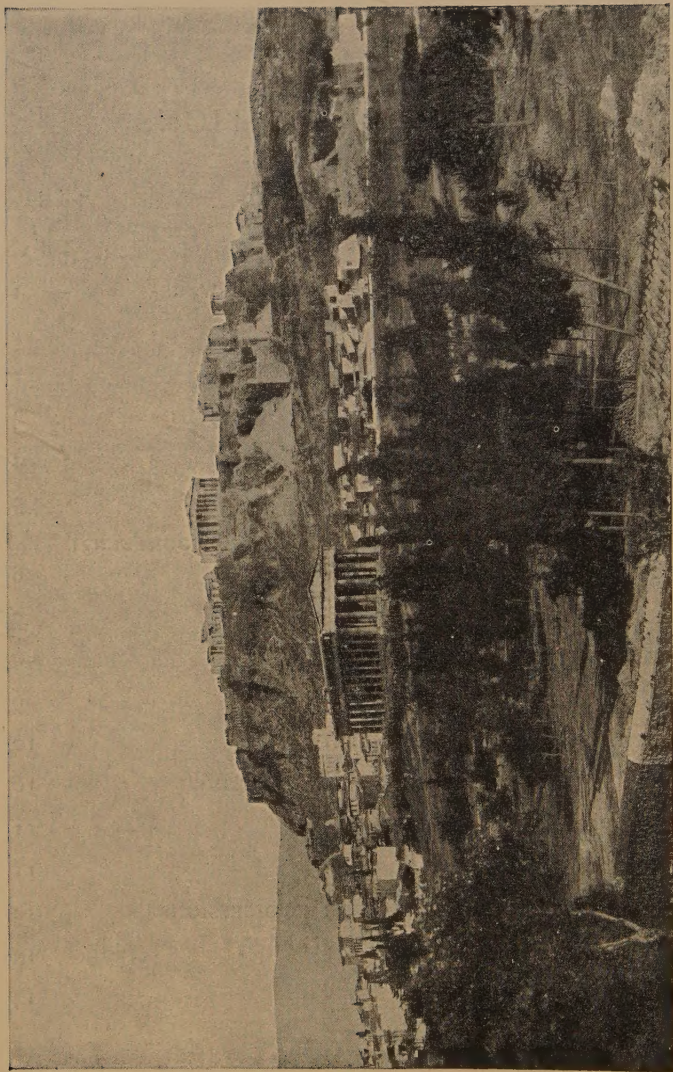
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THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

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CITIES AND THEIR STORIES

ATHENS

ONCE upon a time, so long ago that it is difficult to imagine it, the people who lived in Greece were wandering shepherds, who moved from pasture to pasture with their families and flocks.

As time passed and they grew more civilized, instead of going from place to place, living in tents made of goats' hair or in mountain caves, they began to settle in one spot and to build themselves villages and houses of sun-baked brick. The villages, which stood near one another, joined and became a city, and the people chose shepherd-kings from among those who were wisest and had the most flocks and herds. As the land was mountainous, the king's castle was usually built on a hill overlooking the city. It was called an **acropolis**, and from it the king could see the tents and huts of his subjects, and the sheep, cattle, and swine which grazed in the pastures below. The king not only ruled over the city, but was the chief warrior who protected his people and called upon them to fight in his wars. He acted, too, as a priest, and guarded the temples of the gods.

The Greeks were imaginative people, who believed in many gods, and loved to make up stories to explain anything which they did not quite understand. They had legends about fire and water, flowers and trees, birds and beasts. They believed that there was a god of the Sun and a goddess of the Moon—twins, who gave light to the world. If they won a battle, they thought that the God of War had helped them; and when they feasted, they prayed to the God of

Wine. The distant peak of Mount Olympus, half-hidden by the clouds, seemed to them so mysterious that they called it the home of all the gods, and they told stories of how **Zeus**, the chief of the gods, ruled in his kingdom above the sky, and how, one day, when he lay sick of a headache, his forehead suddenly opened and from the chasm there sprang a grey-eyed maiden, fully grown, and clad in glittering armour. It was **Athena**, the Goddess of Wisdom.

The Greeks loved Athena, and one of the kings, whose acropolis was on a great rock which towered above the plain of Attica, called his city Athens, after the goddess, and built a temple where his people worshipped her, holding a yearly festival in her honour.

After many years Athens grew bigger, and people began to call the whole rock, and not only the king's castle, the Acropolis. Around the city, and scattered over the plain, there were other towns, but little by little the kings of Athens conquered them, until at last the whole plain and some of the islands near the coast came under one rule. All the people in Attica, in whatever town they happened to live, began to call themselves Athenians, and gradually the chief city and the Acropolis grew very dear to them. In this way Athens grew more powerful, and became what is called a city-state.

In other parts of Greece there were other city-states which had grown up in exactly the same way as Athens. The most powerful were **Sparta** and **Thebes**, both of which became rivals of Athens, and at different times tried to weaken her. From this you will understand that Greece consisted of several separate communities, divided by mountain ranges and deep bays, and although the people believed in the same gods and used the same alphabet, they were not a united race. They sometimes helped one another against a common enemy, but they did not understand what we call patriotism, for each man thought of the good of his own city and not of the whole country.

By the time that Athens had become a city-state the king was no longer a shepherd, and his subjects were not only herdsmen. Shepherds, swineherds, and peasants still lived in Attica, but there were also rich farmers and noblemen who kept slaves; and, besides the king's palace, which stood upon the Acropolis, there were other halls, which were used as council chambers, and where the nobles met to elect those who helped the king to govern. Athens was now growing richer, for many of the Athenians became merchants, and not only sailed across the seas to trade with Eastern countries, but welcomed the foreigners, who brought strange merchandise.

As the city grew richer, the kings gradually lost their power, for the Athenians began to see that it was not wise to allow one man to have complete control over the government. They therefore appointed magistrates, whom they called **archons**, to help the king and see that he did not oppress the people. For many years the king and two archons ruled over Athens, but after a time the king became little more than a priest, who saw that the worship of the gods was properly carried out. Little by little he lost his title, and nine archons, who were elected from among the nobles, shared the power which had once been his.

One of the most famous of the archons was called Solon. He served his city well, and before he died he drew up a set of laws which showed men how to govern with greater justice. These laws were called **Solon's Code**, and they were written on wooden pillars and set up in the market-places of all the Athenian towns. Although Solon lived more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ, people still think he was one of the wisest men whom the world has ever known.

Solon's great ambition was that every man should be equal before the law, and should have a voice in the government of the country; but although he had done much good to his city, he did not live to see his dream come true. Just before

he died Athens came once more under the rule of one man. This ruler was not called a king, but a **tyrant**. In those days the word tyrant did not mean a cruel man who oppressed those who were weaker than himself, but simply a ruler, who had all the power in his own hands. Unfortunately, too much power is apt to make people selfish and cruel. This is what happened to the Greek tyrants, and so, little by little, the word got its present meaning.

The first Athenian tyrant was in many ways a good man. His name was **Peisistratus**, and he had a real love for his city. Like every Greek, Peisistratus loved beauty and order, and when he became tyrant he began to improve Athens. Little Athenian cities had been built all over the plain of Attica, but they were difficult to reach, for the ground was rough. Peisistratus had roads made to the country districts. North-west of Athens he built an altar to the gods, and every road started from this altar. Near by a great tablet was set up, and on it was written the distance to the different towns, ports, and temples. This was very useful, and it pleased the citizens, who now found it easy to calculate how long they would take to reach different places. But travellers were even more delighted with the new milestones which Peisistratus put along the roads. They were not simple stones such as we have in England to-day, but little statues of Hermes, the God of Travellers, on the pedestals of which poems or proverbs were written, as well as the number of miles.

In the days of Peisistratus the Acropolis was made more beautiful, and a new temple was built in honour of Athena, and the Athenians, proud of their city, which seemed to be growing greater every year, worshipped the goddess more fervently than ever before. Every year the maidens of Athens embroidered a magnificent robe for the ancient wooden statue of Athena. On the day of the festival the robe was stretched on poles and carried in procession to the Acropolis. The most beautiful of the Athenian women, dressed in white garments and crowned with flowers, the

noblest citizens and handsomest soldiers followed. Solemn prayers were said, and the robe was dedicated to the goddess. There was dancing and music, and Athenians from all the different towns took part in the festivities, watched the wrestling and racing, and cheered loudly when the winners were presented with laurel wreaths or jars of olive oil. When the racing was over, the crowd was silent, and an actor stepped forward and began to recite. His lines were from the stories of **Homer**, an old blind poet, who had lived four hundred years before Peisistratus, and was held in great honour. Homer had wandered from place to place, singing about the old Greek heroes, and telling how the shepherd-kings had sailed across the sea to Ilium or Troy, and fought a great war against the Trojans, whose prince had stolen the fairest of all Greek women, Helen, the wife of a king. It was an old, old story, which had been handed down from generation to generation. Peisistratus did a great thing for Athens and for the whole world, because he ordered scribes to collect all Homer's poems and write them in books, which were kept in a library on the Acropolis. We owe a debt of gratitude to this tyrant of Athens who preserved the stories so that we can read them to-day.

Unfortunately for Athens, the tyrants who followed Peisistratus were selfish men and there was great trouble in the city, until at last the ideal, which Solon had so earnestly desired, was carried out, and all men, including the foreigners who lived in Athens and slaves who had been made free (but not those who were still slaves), were allowed to elect the people whom they wanted to govern their city, in much the same manner as we vote for Members of Parliament to-day. In this way everyone became interested in the government and paid great attention to the new laws and improvements and willingly supported the wars waged by Athens. You must remember that although the city was getting stronger and more beautiful, there was very little peace for Athens. She was continually fighting other city-

states which had offended her in some way or which, she thought, were becoming too strong.

Athens not only had rivals in Greece but another and greater enemy beyond the sea. Not very far away in the East lay the Kingdom of **Persia**, whose ruler was so strong that every country feared him. Year after year the Persian kings had been adding land to their empire. Little by little they had subdued Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. Their northern boundaries touched the Caucasus Mountains, and their conquests stretched east as far as the River Indus. The King of Persia had heard of Greece and Athens, for many of the beautiful things which the Greeks had been learning to make had been carried by traders to Egypt and Persia. So the king turned jealous eyes towards Athens, until an opportunity arose for him to send an army against her, and this is how it happened.

Along the coast of Asia Minor there were a number of little Greek towns built by emigrants from the city-states. Persia conquered these towns, some of which revolted and sent messengers to Athens, begging for help. Athens, free from her own tyrants, felt sorry for the people so oppressed by the Persian king, and willingly sent an army to help them. Very soon the Persians were defeated and one of their towns burned. When the king heard this he was terribly angry. He sent for his slaves and ordered them to kneel before him when he was at dinner, saying: "Lord, remember the Athenians." For six years he waged war in other districts, but every day, wherever he was, slaves knelt before him when he dined and said: "Lord, remember the Athenians." Each time he heard the phrase his anger grew hot and at last he sent an army into Greece.

Through Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly he marched, sending his ships along the coast. Before him went heralds, demanding gifts of earth and water in token of submission. Many of the Greek cities obeyed, for they were afraid of Persia but when the heralds arrived at Athens and at Sparta

(a city in the Peloponnesian peninsula, which had become almost as great and famous as Athens itself), they met with a different reception. "Take your fill of earth and water" cried the citizens, and the Athenians threw one herald into a pit and the Spartans cast the other down a well.

The Persian king vowed vengeance, and his army drew nearer to Athens. "We cannot resist without help," thought the Athenians, and they sent their swiftest runner to Sparta. Sparta was the most bitter rival of Athens. But if Athens was to be destroyed by Persia, Sparta might be the next to fall. Surely, therefore, she would help. Sparta sent a friendly message. She would send an army, but not for ten days, for she must first keep the festival of the Sun God.

We have a proverb which says: "Help that is long on the road is no help at all." This was true of Sparta. By the time her army had arrived the brave Athenians had fought the Persians on the plain of Marathon (490 B.C.) and had defeated them with terrible havoc.

The Persians were appalled. They, the conquerors of nation after nation, had been disgracefully beaten by a little city-state. Such a humiliation could not go unpunished. They made up their minds to conquer not only Athens but the whole of Greece. When the city-states learned this, they were much troubled. They had long been rivals of one another, but now they were all threatened with the same danger, and so they met in council and decided to sink their private differences and unite in fighting for the land which was theirs. Sparta trained her soldiers more vigorously than before. Athens added ship after ship to her navy. Her slaves, working a silver mine, had found a rich vein of metal, and all the profits which the Athenians might have shared were spent upon ships. Soon in **Piræus**, the Athenian port, not far from the city, lay the most powerful fleet in Greek waters, and when the Persians came again Greece was ready.

The enemy swept down by land and sea. Battle after battle was fought, and Athens trembled as the Persians bore

down upon her. Leaving the soldiers to defend the Acropolis, women and children, with longing backward glances, trudged away from the beloved city, weeping pitifully. The Persians swept on. They wrecked Attica, burned Athens, and then looked to the sea.

Xerxes, the Persian king, sat on a marble throne upon a cliff overlooking Salamis. Fanned by those very slaves who had said to his father, "Lord, remember the Athenians," surrounded by his wives, his scribes and attendants, he gazed at the narrow straits where the blue water was almost hidden by ships, and proudly numbered his vessels. In that clear air there was no smoke or dust to hide the battle. Spear and shield, arrow and scimitar, gleamed in the sun. Then a ship sank. The metal prow of an Athenian vessel rammed a Persian boat and the oars splashed into the water. The shouting and tumult floated up to Xerxes' ears. All over the bay the Athenian and Persian ships were fighting; and when night fell nothing was left of the mighty Persian fleet.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks on sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below
And men in nations: all were his.
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?"

The Athenian ships had saved Greece (480 B.C.), and the following year a land-fight at Platæa drove the Persians from the country, never to return. The great barbarian enemy was defeated and the danger over.

Proudly the Athenians went back to Athens. They had won the war. Their ships had saved Greece, and now they were the greatest of all the city-states. Did it matter to them that Athens had been razed to the ground, and the Acropolis was now no more than a mass of blackened ruins with only a few of the statues standing? They would build their city again, and it should be prouder and more beautiful than ever.

For many years they worked, and even the humblest citizen

took a pride in the new Athens. After a time there arose among them a great leader whose name was **Pericles**. He loved all that was beautiful in art and poetry, and under his guidance the loveliness of Athens increased year by year. He restored all the old shrines which had been burned and covered the Acropolis with new temples. He had two friends, a sculptor and an architect, whose names were Phideas and Ictinus. Together they built an exquisite temple to Athena, which was called the Parthenon, and all around the frieze Phideas carved scenes from the festival of the Goddess.

He made, too, a wonderful statue of Athena herself to stand as a guardian of the city, and from marble and precious metals he wrought the figure of Zeus, King of Gods. Forty feet high was this statue, set upon a throne of ivory and ebony, and sparkling with gold and precious stones. The head was garlanded with green branches of the olive tree, sacred to Athens. The left hand held a sceptre inlaid with many metals, and the right hand carried a figure of Victory of pure white ivory and glimmering gold. The god's face and limbs were of ivory and the clothing of gold with lilies carved upon it, and behind it was an enamelled screen, blue as the soft Athenian skies. Every statue and every shrine on the Acropolis were more beautiful than words can say.

At the foot of the hill was the open-air theatre, sacred to Dionysus, the God of Wine. Here, when the festival of the god was held, came people from far and wide to listen to the plays. The greatest writers came to compete for prizes. The old poet, **Æschylus**, had read here his play called "The Persians," which told of the war which people still remembered. Here, too, came **Sophocles** and the young **Euripides** with new ideas and new verses, and the people laughed or wept according to their mood.

In these days, too, the libraries were filled with manuscripts. Rows and rows of cylindrical baskets held the precious rolls of papyrus, containing works of astronomy and geography, history and medicine, mathematics and poetry.

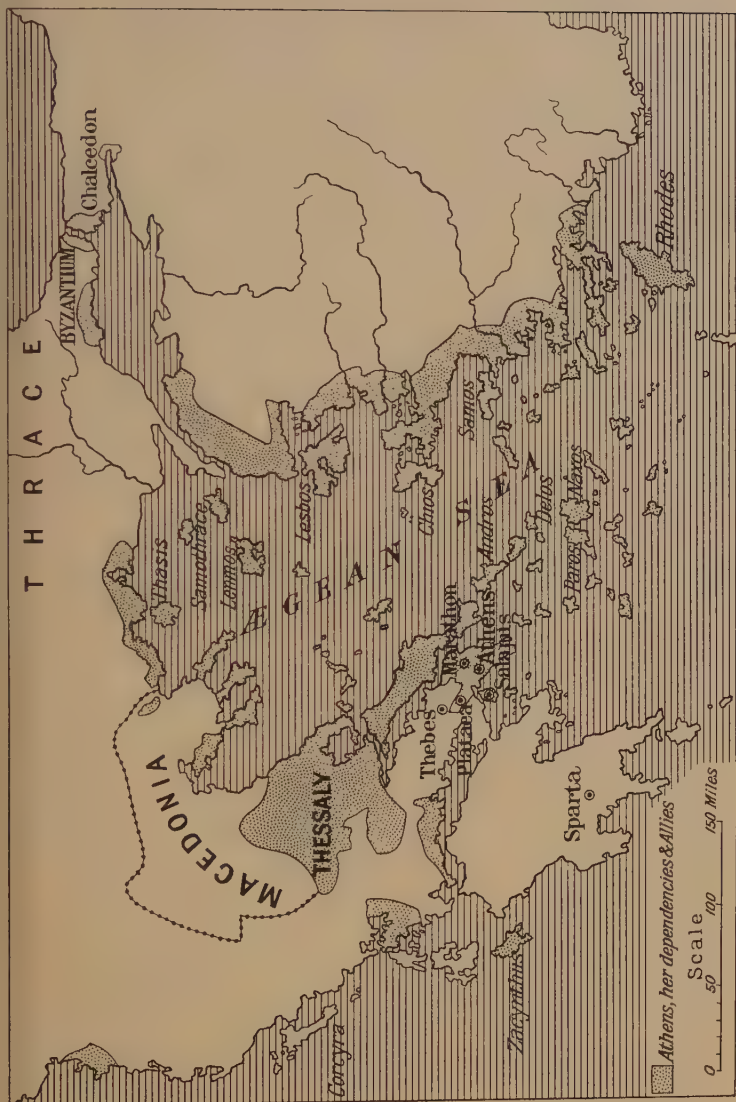
New teachers taught in the schools. New trading vessels put to sea, and the glory of Athens was the pride of her citizens.

The little Greek cities in Asia and the islands near the Athenian coast sought her friendship. She was so brave and wonderful that they wanted her to protect them, for they still feared the Persians. Athens, strong in her new girdle of walls, confident of the power of her navy, promised to guard them. A league was formed, and in exchange for her help and protection Athens was given treasure. Little by little she made alliances with other districts, and as time passed she grew so strong that she began to force other islands to join her league. Very soon those who had asked for her help found that they had become her subjects, and that Athens, the little city-state which had promised to defend them, had become an empire obliging them to pay tribute.

But jealous eyes were watching Athens. In the Peloponnesian peninsula lay the city-state of **Sparta**, afraid of the Athenian fortifications, envious of her trade, terrified lest Athens should bring the whole of Greece under her rule. Sparta sought the aid of other jealous rivals, and, even sinking so low as to accept help from Persia, fought against Athens. Between the years 435 and 404 B.C. three wars were waged by the two city-states. These were called the **Peloponnesian Wars**. They left Athens, prostrate before her enemy, with fortifications destroyed, all her foreign possessions taken away, the sad remnant of her fleet handed over to Sparta and her citizens little better than prisoners.

Thirty proud Spartan magistrates ruled the city. Seven hundred Spartan soldiers guarded Athens. Spartan garrisons were set in every Athenian town, and the Athenians, who had once rejoiced in their free Government, bowed before Spartan laws; for Sparta had won the position which she had envied and had become the greatest power in Greece.

But another city was watching Sparta, fighting against her and trying to crush her. This was **Thebes**. Before thirty



GREECE BEFORE THE PELOPONNESIAN WARS.

years had passed Sparta, too, had fallen and Thebes took her place.

Now, by this time, you will easily understand how weak the country had become through constant warfare. The city-states had quarrelled so often among themselves that they were ready to fall helplessly before a strong conqueror. While they were still bickering a conqueror came from Macedonia. His name was Philip. All the city-states except Sparta came under his rule, and he gradually began to make Greece a more united country. Philip's son, Alexander, was brought up in Athens, and he learned to love everything that was Greek and to admire the beauties of Athenian art and learning. He was a famous conqueror, and before he died so much of the world became his empire that people called him **Alexander the Great**.

Alexander's love for what he had learned in Athens made him want to spread it all over the world. Greek poets and artists followed his army, and often he stopped his march to show the wondering Orientals, whom he conquered, Greek athletics and arts. He planted Greek cities wherever he could, and so carried the glory of Athens into the burning deserts of Asia.

But Athens loved freedom and could not remain faithful to a conqueror. Before Alexander died (323 B.C.) she rebelled against him, won her liberty again, and for many long years was a free city-state. Yet life had changed. She was no longer strong and her political power was dead, but one thing still remained and that was so wonderful that it made Athens immortal. It was her genius—and genius such as this cannot be confined within the boundaries of one country. It spreads far and wide. Alexander had loved Athens and had helped to bring her influence to the countries which he had conquered. And, now, all around the Mediterranean Sea, people began to build Greek theatres like those of Athens. They copied Greek sculpture, read Greek books, and thought of Greek ideas. And as the years passed Greek

civilization spread to Syria, Egypt, and parts of Asia, and many a distant place grew beautiful because of Athens. The city was like a lamp which shed its light into far corners. Time seemed to make the light more and more brilliant for, with the years, learning increased. In the Academy of Athens, philosophers taught pupils not only from Greece, but from all parts of the civilized world. Sculptors still made beautiful statues as in the days of Pericles. Artists learned how to paint light, shade, and perspective so perfectly that their pictures seemed alive. A story is told of an artist who painted such beautiful trees, that the birds flew down and tried to peck the fruit in the picture. The glory of Athens was no longer strength and power but wisdom and beauty.

Time passed, and Greece was conquered by Rome. Even the haughty Romans marvelled at Athens, and gave her greater freedom than any other city. They sent their children to schools modelled on Athenian patterns. They copied Greek temples and sculpture, and made their literature so like that of the Greeks that their own poet, **Horace**, laughed and said: "Rome, the Conqueror, is conquered by Greece."

The next story will tell you about the Roman Empire, and how it became so large that the emperors divided it into two parts, leaving Rome as the capital of the West and choosing Constantinople as capital of the East. Greece fell into the eastern part, and so for many centuries Constantinople protected Athens. It was during this time that Athens became a Christian city.

For several centuries Greece remained a part of the Roman Empire, protected by Constantinople. Then many changes began to take place. Little by little barbarian tribes from the north and from the east began to seek sunnier and more fertile lands. Gradually they conquered the western empire of Rome, dividing it into kingdoms and sweeping away the old Greek culture which the Romans had copied and admired, so that for many hundreds of years the western world forgot

what it had once learned from Athens, although it gradually gained a civilization of its own.

A time came, too, when Barbarians conquered the eastern remnant of what was once the Roman Empire. The Turks seized Constantinople (1453) and swept into Europe, over-running Greece. Many of the beautiful Athenian statues and temples were destroyed, and the stones and marble used for building Turkish houses.

But conquered, as she was, Athens could not die.

“ For Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Throned on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity.”

Constantinople and Athens had been full of Greek scholars, and when the Turks had been drawing nearer and nearer, these scholars fled with their precious manuscripts to the West. They opened schools and taught in academy and university. Western students flocked to hear them, and to drink in what everyone described as the **New Learning**. But the new learning was nothing more than the old Athenian wisdom, and through it Europe was reborn. Greek culture spread once more through the West. Once again the lamp of Athenian genius cast its bright light over the world, and since that day it has never been extinguished.

What more can we say about Athens? Her beauty and wisdom were handed on from generation to generation, and never ceased to be an inspiration to the world. The glory of Athens was shared by all around her, yet she herself was under the heel of the Turk. For four hundred years freedom was nothing more to her than a dream, and then, at last, Turkey grew weak. Greece revolted and conquered her master, won liberty (1822), and set a king of her own to rule in Athens.

Since then change has followed change, and, to-day, Greece is a republic, with Athens as the seat of government—a flourishing modern town, with tram-lines and electric lights.

Yet so great was her ancient glory, that when we think of her, our minds stray back to that little city beloved of Peisistratus and Pericles. Old Greek books are in our libraries, old Greek vases and sculptures in our museums. Our lives are still coloured by the old Athenian wisdom and beauty. Travellers going to Athens to-day scan the coast with eager eyes until they see a rocky sand-coloured hill, where ruined temples and delicate pillars are faintly outlined against the sky. It is the Acropolis, still standing as a monument of the immortal beauty that was the soul of Athens.

ROME

IN the days of old the Romans believed that a king ruled in a little city not far from the River Tiber. He was not a good man, for he had stolen the crown and cast the twin heirs to the throne into the river. The babies, whose names were Romulus and Remus, floated in their cradle until the waters carried them gently to dry land. The cradle overturned and the two children were left under the root of a fig-tree, where a she-wolf had her lair. The wild beast, instead of attacking them, licked them softly with her long red tongue, gave them her milk when they were hungry, and treated them as though they were her own cubs. When they grew older they were found by a shepherd, who took them home to his hut on the Palatine Hill, where his wife took care of them and marvelled daily at their noble bearing. The legend says that when they grew up they claimed their rights and at last built a wall all round the Palatine Hill and made a city-kingdom for themselves, calling it Rome after Romulus.

This is a story which the Roman people told one another, because they did not really know who their early ancestors were, or who built their city. But we, who have come later, have been able to find out more, because men have dug out of the ground traces of those early long-forgotten times, and wise scholars have told us what those old stones and pots and bronze instruments mean. So we know that just as years before a city-state had grown up gradually round the Acropolis and had become Athens, so another city-state was slowly formed round the Palatine and became Rome.

On the south side of the River Tiber, in a plain called **Latium**, seven little hills looked down on a ford in the river

and the biggest of these hills was the **Palatine**. Tribes called the Latins lived here, and they had a little village on each of the hills, and a square stronghold on the Palatine. In the valley by the ford was a market-place, which they called the Forum, and they had built a strong bridge over the river. Bit by bit the villages on the seven hills spread, until they joined together, and this was the beginning of Rome, "the city of the seven hills." In the course of time the villages were conquered by kings of a race called **Etruscans**, who were clever traders living to the north of the river, and these kings ruled Rome for two centuries and a half. But though the kings were of Etruscan race, the people who lived in Rome and the plain were still Latins, who spoke the Latin tongue, and in later years the Romans themselves forgot that their kings had ever been strangers.

In the days of the kings, the people of Rome ceased to be unlettered peasants and began to learn all sorts of lessons. Most of those lessons came from over the sea, where, as we saw, the civilization of Greece was like a bright lamp spreading its rays far and wide. Greek traders used to come sailing up the Tiber, bringing vases, robes, pottery and other beautiful things in exchange for the corn and oxen which the Romans had to sell. The Romans learned much from them. They used Greek decorations on their clothes and in their houses. They listened to the stories of the Greek gods and goddesses and wove into their own religion legends which they heard from the Greek traders. But perhaps the greatest gift which the Greeks brought to Rome was their alphabet, which the Romans adopted, altering it a little to suit their own Latin language.

After a time the kings were driven out of Rome by the noble families living round the citadel, who wanted to rule for themselves. This happened about three hundred years before the birth of Christ, and now Rome became a Republic. The nobles were called **Patricians**, and instead

of setting up another king they decided to elect two magistrates every year from among themselves, and these magistrates were called **Consuls**. They were assisted to govern by a council of Patricians called the **Senate** (from the Latin word **senex**, meaning an old man, for they thought that old men were wiser in council than young ones). But the Patricians would allow very little share in the government to all the common people in Rome and the Latin plain, who were called **Plebeians**, to distinguish them from the nobles, and after a time a long struggle broke out between the Patricians and the Plebeians. In the end, after many years, the Plebeians and the Patricians were given equal rights in voting and making laws. The Senate then became a body of three hundred men, some of them Patricians but some of them belonging to Plebeian families, which had for generation after generation done good service to the state. The senators were very wise and under their rule Rome became greater and greater, until she even outshone Athens, and in her turn became a shining lamp of civilization, whose beams spread further than the beams of Athens and lighted up barbarian peoples in the North, of whose existence the Greeks hardly knew.

The greatness of Rome, however, was not quite the same as the greatness of Greece. The Greeks were people with keen minds and vivid imaginations; they taught the world to see and to reason: if we love beautiful things to-day and if we know how to think logically about causes and results, it is partly because the Greeks taught these things to the world very long ago. But the Romans were clever in another way: they had great common sense and were good at all kinds of practical things; they knew how to make good laws, under which people could live a peaceful and ordered life; and they knew how to govern wisely and justly. They never made such beautiful statues as the Greeks, but they made splendid roads, along which traders and armies and people going to see their friends could travel quickly

and easily; they made great aqueducts to carry water to dry places which needed it, and they made stately cities. The Greeks were, first and foremost, thinkers: the Romans were, first and foremost, rulers. They made many conquests, as we shall see, and in the end they ruled over a great empire, far larger and far more contented than the little empire of cities and islands over which Athens domineered. But they were great, not because they conquered these lands, but because, having conquered them, they ruled them wisely and in peace.

When the kings had been driven out, the Roman Republic still consisted only of the city on the seven hills and a few miles of land round it. We must now see how this little city became the centre of a great empire. Have you ever thrown a stone into a pool and watched how the rings, made in the water by your little stone, spread in wider and wider circles? Rome was like that stone, and Italy like the pool into which it was thrown. Little by little the Roman armies began to spread out in all directions, conquering as they went, and behind them came the Roman farmers, settling down to grow corn or olives and to herd cattle among the people in the conquered lands, and all calling themselves citizens of Rome, although they lived far away from the seven hills. Gradually the Romans conquered their neighbours, until in a little more than two hundred years (500 to 275 B.C.) they ruled over the whole of Italy south of the River Po.

But the wise Senators did not make harsh laws for the vanquished. They went on sending colonies of Roman farmers to settle among them, always enjoying the full rights of Roman citizens and bound to fight for Rome. But they granted the conquered cities a kind of citizenship too, giving them Roman protection and Roman rights in the law courts and calling them the allies of Rome. This meant that the conquered people were not discontented, for they lived much as before, but enjoyed greater order and prosperity and began to feel that they were a part of Rome. In return they had

to fight for Rome, and so the Senate could call on many more soldiers and make the army stronger.

A strong army was needed, for Rome had now reached the extreme south of the Italian peninsula, and in the south she had a rival. This was the city-state of **Carthage**, which stood upon the African coast opposite to Italy, and ruled all over the northern coast of Africa, a fringe of southern Spain, the islands of Corsica and Sardinia and nearly the whole of Sicily. It was a great trading city, and when the Romans saw how near it was and how powerful, they crossed the sea for the first time and went to fight the Carthaginians in Sicily (264 B.C.). But they saw that they must have a fleet as well as an army to conquer the great trading city, and so the Senate ordered a fleet to be built, and from that moment Rome began to expand by sea as well as by land. It took one hundred and fifty years and three great wars (called the **Punic Wars**) to conquer Carthage, but in the end Rome was victorious. The proud and beautiful city was utterly destroyed in 146 B.C., so that only a few ruins remain to-day, to show where it stood. A poet of our own time has lamented its fall :

"Great Carthage is laid low. Scarcely can eye
Trace where she stood with all her mighty crowd.
For cities die, kingdoms and nations die;
A little sand and grass is all their shroud."

The empire of Carthage had now passed to Rome, and this meant that she dominated all the western half of the Mediterranean sea. But Rome did not stop here. She set out to conquer the Eastern Mediterranean too. Little by little she overcame Macedonia (including Greece), Syria and Egypt, and made them into Roman provinces. It took her about a century and a half, but by 30 B.C. she had provinces all round the Mediterranean Sea, and her armies had also begun to march northwards and had conquered the land of Gaul (which to-day is France and Belgium) as far north as the Rhine, and had even crossed over into Britain. The circles

made by the stone thrown into the pool had spread far outside Italy now ; and the little city on the Tiber had become the ruler of an empire greater than any that the world had ever known.

Meanwhile, what had been happening at home in Rome ? These were great days for the city, and the people gloried in each new conquest, leading the victorious generals in triumphal procession through the streets, and opening a special gate through which no one but a conqueror might pass. The broad roads would be lined on either side by shouting citizens, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the hero. First in the procession came the Senators, then the trumpeters sounding a triumphant march, then the slaves from many lands bearing the spoils of war on their heads or driving them piled up in chariots. The people cheered and shouted when they saw the gleam of gold and silver, jewelled cups, white marble statues, helmets, spears—all the captured trophies of a fallen race. Then came priests with sacred goblets, leading a hundred white oxen with horns gilded and garlanded, ready for sacrifice in the temple ; then wild animals caught in foreign lands ; and then the prisoners, wretched leaders of a conquered army, with proud faces and chained limbs. After them marched the scarlet-clad officials, followed by a crowd of dancing youths, clashing cymbals and singing songs before a chariot drawn by four white horses. In the chariot stood the hero of the hour, laurel-crowned, and dressed in purple and gold, with a sceptre bearing the eagle, the bird of Rome, which was carried before her armies as we should carry a flag. Behind him, holding a golden wreath over his head, rode a slave, who from time to time, to prevent him from becoming proud, had to whisper in his ear, “ Remember, thou art but a man.” So the procession would pass on to the great circus, where captives were sometimes thrown to the lions or made to fight with each other until one or both of them fell, “ butchered to make a Roman holiday.”

So many conquests brought new ideas and new wealth as well as new troubles to Rome. Now that the Romans had conquered Greece and Macedon, and all those lands of the Near East over which Greek civilization had spread, they began to copy Eastern luxury and Greek art and learning. Cultured Greeks began to live in Rome, and Greek slaves, captured during the wars, were freed by their Roman masters, opened schools, and taught Roman children the stories of Greek literature. The Romans, as we saw, had greater skill in fighting battles, making laws, and building roads than in art and literature. What did not come naturally to them they borrowed from the Greeks, and although they came to have many sculptors of their own and many great poets and prose writers who wrote in Latin, all their art and literature had a Greek foundation. This is what their poet, **Horace**, meant when he said (as we saw in the story of Athens) that Rome the conqueror had been conquered by her captive Greece.

Much that was good and beautiful came to Rome from Greece and the East, but much that was bad came too. The Roman nobles grew rich with all the new wealth, and luxurious with all the new comforts, and the old "plain-living and high-thinking" farmer-soldiers who fought Rome's early battles were no more to be found. The Senate ceased to govern wisely, and the Senators filled important posts in the provinces with their own friends and relations, caring little whether the choice was good or bad. Such misgovernment brought much trouble, and for a hundred years there were rebellions in the city and in Italy, and revolutions in the conquered countries (133-30 B.C.).

The end of it all was a change in the government of Rome, a change as important as that which had taken place nearly three centuries before, when the Patricians turned out the kings and Rome became a republic, for now Rome once again fell under the rule of one man, an emperor. The name of the first emperor was **Octavian**. He was given the title



THE EMPEROR TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

From ROME, by Fred Richards (*"Artists' Sketch-Books" Series*).

of **Augustus**, "the august." Although he was supposed to share the government with the Senate, he and his successors really had all the power, and Rome from henceforth (30 B.C.) was no longer a republic but an empire. The Emperor was commander-in-chief of the army and head of the Senate. It was he who appointed new governors, tax-gatherers, judges, officials. His word was law, and the people of Rome ran out into the streets to scatter flowers before his chariot, and men far beyond the sea and the mountains whispered his name in awe. Indeed, after many years had passed they even worshipped him as a god.

The rule of the emperors brought a great boon to Rome. For nearly two centuries there was peace after the long wars, and in those years art and learning and building flourished. Augustus used to boast that he had found the city brick and left it marble, and the emperors who followed him went on building new forums and palaces, temples and colonnades. When an emperor increased the Roman dominions by conquest, a column was set up or an arch built in honour of the victory, and some of these columns and arches may be seen in Rome to-day. In the provinces, too, fine buildings sprang up and Roman law and Roman customs spread under wise governors, until gradually all the empire round the Mediterranean Sea became welded together, so that, allowing for differences of climate and of race, the same sort of civilization was to be found everywhere where Rome had set her foot. To this day you may find remains of this civilization in the towns and country districts all over Europe, from Britain to Italy, and in Africa and the Near East as well.

Each province was ruled by a Roman governor and guarded by disciplined troops. Bridges spanned the rivers, and a network of splendid roads, straight and smooth and hard, spread out in all directions. The West had never before known such fine road-makers as the Romans, and many of their roads are still in use to-day. All over the provinces were founded flourishing towns, each with its forum, or market-

place, surrounded by open-fronted shops, its council-chamber, its public baths, and outside the walls its open-air theatre, where games were played, fights of gladiators and wild animals held, or plays acted. In these towns and in the country districts were dwelling-houses full of every comfort and beautifully decorated, with gardens and fountains and mosaic floors, baths and an elaborate heating apparatus to carry warm air under the rooms in cold weather. The big country estates were called villas, and the gentleman's house in the estate was called a villa too. All the clothing and food needed on these villas was made and grown on the estate, except for the packages of foreign luxuries or necessities, which merchants brought along the roads from the seaports. Slaves from East and West served the master in the house or the fields. But whether the villa was in Gaul or Britain, Spain or Africa, Syria or Greece, master and slave were governed by Roman law made for them in the distant city of the Tiber. To that city all the provincial gentlemen looked as their ruler and mother; it was "home," even though they had never set eyes on it.

All the provinces, too, combined to provide Rome with food to eat, clothes to wear and things for use and for ornament. On the Mediterranean Sea the big ships were always to be seen bringing corn from Sicily and Egypt and Britain; in the eastern provinces caravans slowly wended their way to the coast, carrying silk and spices for Rome; all along the great roads a stream of merchants and pack-horses moved every day, coming to Rome. The city was the centre of the world where every race could meet, and every race worked to give it the things which it needed. Even to-day we have a proverb which says: "All roads lead to Rome."

Not only things, but ideas came to Rome from the provinces, and among the ideas were many strange religions which came from the East. Most of them were fashionable for a time, and then faded away; but one did not fade away, but grew stronger and stronger, and was destined one day to

give Rome a new crown of glory. This was the religion of **Jesus Christ**. It was in the earliest days of the empire, while Augustus still ruled, that Christ was born in **Bethlehem** in the Roman province of Palestine, the land of the Jews. His own countrymen put Him to death, but His disciples went on preaching. After His death St. Paul travelled far and wide through the cities of Asia Minor and Greece, and came to Rome itself, while tradition afterwards said that St. Peter founded a church in Rome and became its first bishop. At first the Roman emperors persecuted the Christians, but nothing could stop the spread of their faith, and at last, some three centuries after the birth of Christ (A.D. 311), a great emperor, called Constantine, said that all persecution was to cease and that all who wished might be Christians. After that the Empire became, by degrees, a Christian empire.

Meanwhile the centuries of peace had come to an end. As time passed Rome went on adding to her dominions, for the rings made by the stone in the pool were still spreading, and if you look at the map you will see how far they had spread by the time of a great conqueror, the Emperor Trajan, who died in A.D. 117. The frontiers grew longer and longer, but the longer they grew the harder work it was to protect them. Outside them lay enemies, barbarian tribes in the north, and in the east those races which had so often fought against the west in the days of Athens and in the early days of Rome. All along the borders, now in one place, now in another, there was fighting, and the emperors had often to wage far-off frontier wars and sometimes had to withdraw from lands which had been conquered and could not be held. It was difficult, too, to govern all the provinces from one centre, for it took so long for troops and governors and messengers to reach them from Rome.

At last a time came when it was thought that the task of defending the frontiers and ruling the provinces would be easier if Rome's dominions were divided into two halves,



THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

each with a separate capital. Thus it happened that Rome came to have an Eastern and a Western Empire. The city on the Tiber remained the capital of the West and a little Greek town on the Bosphorus was chosen as capital of the East. The name of this town was **Byzantium**, and for this reason the eastern part of the Roman Empire is usually called the **Byzantine** or **Greek Empire**. The emperor who chose Byzantium was Constantine, the same emperor who recognized Christianity, and he made it so strong and beautiful that it was named Constantinople after him (330 A.D.). After this there were usually two Roman emperors ruling at once, one looking after the West from Rome and the other looking after the East from Byzantium.

From this time the West grew steadily weaker and then a great tragedy happened. In very little more than a century after the division the Western Empire fell to pieces. Let us see how this came to pass.

Although few people were aware of it, Rome had been weakening for many a long year. Her love of luxury had grown, and her subjects had become used to softness and ease which do not bring strength. Heavy taxes were needed to support the government of such a great empire, and the extravagance of the emperors and the magnificent court at Byzantium cost more and more money every year. In the city the population was idle, expecting the government to provide them with free doles of corn when they were hungry and with free entertainments when they asked for amusement. "Bread and circuses" was their cry. In the country the small free farmer-citizens had quite disappeared; there remained rich land-owners with big villas, which they either cultivated by gangs of slaves or let out in small holdings to men called **coloni**, who had to cultivate them and could not go away even if they wanted to.

While Rome was getting weak she had to meet a continual pressure of barbarians on her frontier—German tribes from the North, who envied her rich lands and wanted to

settle there themselves. Rome fought valiantly against them, but after a time, when she saw that the barbarians admired her and were ready to come and live under her rule, she began to allow certain tribes to settle inside the frontier. She also began to welcome barbarians as coloni to cultivate farms for which she had not enough citizen-farmers. She even allowed them to enlist in the army. This was a very dangerous thing to do, because next time the barbarian tribes outside the empire began to come down again and batter at the frontier they would find their own kinsmen settled inside and their own kinsmen fighting against them in the army, and resistance would not be so strong. But the Romans did not think of this. They thought that Rome was eternal and that as she had always conquered, so she would always conquer. They could not imagine a world without the Roman Empire, and what were their enemies but uncivilized, wild barbarians from the North?

But the uncivilized wild barbarians overcame Rome. It was in the fifth century that the disaster took place. All along the frontiers the German invaders appeared again, pushing forward into the Empire, and this time Rome was not strong enough to beat them back. Gradually they overran the whole of the Western Empire, making kingdoms for themselves in Britain and Gaul and Spain and in Italy itself, even crossing the sea and settling in Africa. Twice Rome, the proudest city in the world, was invaded and sacked by them. The Western emperors were weaklings who did nothing to save their empire. At the time when the barbarians first sacked Rome the emperor was living in the country and was amusing himself by keeping poultry. He had a pet hen called "Rome," and when messengers arrived hot from the city, crying, "Sire, Rome has perished!" he answered crossly, "Nonsense, nonsense! I fed her myself this morning." At last, in A.D. 476, the last of the Western emperors was set aside and a German leader was hailed in his place. The Eastern emperor still ruled in Byzantium,

but half of the great Empire was broken into pieces and immortal Rome had fallen before the barbarians.

But in the years which followed a wonderful thing happened. When there was no longer an emperor in Rome, the most important person in the city was the **Bishop of Rome** who was called the **Pope**. Because Rome had been the chief city of the empire, all Christian people in the West had gradually come to regard him as the most important of all the bishops and the head of the whole Christian Church. When the Pope saw all the barbarians settled in the lands of the empire, he began to send out missionaries to convert them to Christianity and wise men to show them how to govern.

Gradually, as the long years went by, strong Christian kingdoms grew up on these foundations, France, England, the Empire (made up of the German and North Italian lands), Spain and many others. In all these kingdoms Churchmen helped the kings to rule wisely, founded schools and monasteries, in which to keep alive a little of the old learning which had nearly disappeared in the turmoil of the invasions, and encouraged men to build churches in the towns and villages. Bishops and parish priests tried to teach rough barons, poor peasants and busy townsfolk to fear God, and all Christians in Western Europe, in whatever country they lived, called themselves Catholics and looked upon the Pope in Rome as the head of their Church. You see, now, that Rome had once more become the most important city in the West. Once she was important because she was the centre of the Roman Empire. Now she was important because she was the centre of the Roman Church, and still she carried on the same great work of teaching law and order and peace to mankind. She was Holy Rome now, and every year pilgrims came to her on foot and on horseback and by ship, to worship in the great Church of St. Peter's and in her other shrines and to receive the blessing of the Pope.

But in the course of centuries some men began to grow

discontented with the power of the Pope, because sometimes he did not use it for good ends, and sometimes, too, priests and monks did not live good lives. At last the discontent gave rise to a great movement called the **Reformation**. A number of countries broke away from the Roman Catholic Church and formed Protestant churches and no longer recognized the Pope as their head. Our own country was one of those which broke away. But the Pope remained head of the Roman Catholic Church and so he is to this day.

To-day, however, we not only honour Rome as the city of the Popes, but as capital of the kingdom of Italy. From the time of the barbarian invasions, Italy had always been divided up among different princes and it was not until the nineteenth century that the Italians decided that they would try to drive out the foreign rulers who were in the North and South of the peninsula, and unite the whole country under one Italian king. After a very long fight they succeeded, and now the whole of Italy is under one ruler, just as it was in the days before the barbarians came, and Rome is the capital of the kingdom.

What a long and glorious history this one little city has had—longer and more glorious perhaps than that of any other city of the world. No wonder that visitors still crowd to see her as they used to do, pilgrims to worship, architects and painters to study her beautiful buildings, tourists of all sorts to admire the traces of her splendid past. Perhaps one day you will be able to go there too.

JERUSALEM

MANY years ago when the Canaanites had drifted from the Arabian desert into the land which we now call Palestine, they built themselves two cities upon a group of hills which stood in the south of the country, some miles west of the Dead Sea. The town on the western hill was called **Jebus**, and later the other was known as **Zion**. From these two little Canaanite strongholds the city of Jerusalem grew.

The real history of Jerusalem begins many years later when the two hills had been stormed by **David**, the Jewish shepherd-king, who made Zion his royal city.

When David had conquered Moabite and Edomite, Amalekite, Midianite and Syrian, and had welded his own people from twelve disorganized tribes into a nation, Jerusalem, his capital, was very near to his heart and he sought to strengthen it. He joined the two parts on the northern side by a great wall. He reconstructed the fort, and built himself a palace of cedarwood, flat-roofed, and with a chamber for the tribute of conquered nations. He brought to the city the Ark of God, and the dearest dream of his life was to build a temple meet to shelter the Ark. But this honour was not for David. He it was who made the plans and who bought the site, but it was his son, Solomon, who built the temple after David had died.

Upon the eastern hill of Mount Moriah, and rather north of the royal city, lay a great flat rock, on which tradition said Jacob had offered Isaac as a sacrifice. Over this rock, and stretching beyond it to the east, Solomon built the temple. The hill was levelled, stone was quarried and cut, cedar, cypress, and fir-tree sent from the Lebanon by the King of Tyre.

Seventy thousand men hauled the timber and stone to Mount Moriah, and in seven years the House of God was ready to receive the Ark. And Solomon built himself a palace of cedarwood on a foundation of "costly stones, even of great stones, stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits," with pillars of cedar, a porch for the throne where he might judge, and a fair house for the daughter of Pharaoh, his wife.

In his days the city became a thing of beauty. The radiant Syrian sun shone upon the stone-paved courts and the brazen pillars with their carved pomegranates and lily-work; upon the little flat-roofed houses of the army officers that stretched down the hill towards Siloam; upon the citadel and barracks and all around the outer court of the temple and upon the dwellings of the priests. And the brilliant amber rays flashed across the long broad flight of steps which led to the cedarwood palace and illumined the great windows "that were in three rows with light against light," so that the ivory throne overlaid with gold, its six steps and twelve carven lions, gleamed like the very sky when the sun had gone down behind the hills. In the store-houses of the city treasure was piled high, for Solomon had three thousand shields of beaten gold and all his drinking vessels were of gold. Gifts untold were carried into the palace, "for all the earth sought to Solomon to hear his wisdom which God had put in his heart, and they brought every man his present, vessels of silver and vessels of gold and garments and armour and spices, horses and mules"; and once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks. Upon the backs of camels and mules tribute was carried into the city, and the king's chariots thundered through the gates bearing shekels of silver from Egypt and fine linen cloth. And the air was filled with the sounds of trafficking in the market-places and the jingle of horses' bridles.

But though Solomon "made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar to be as sycamore trees," all was not well

with his kingdom. In his old age he permitted heathen customs, raised altars to pagan gods, and thinking only of his royal city, paid little heed to the rumours of dissension. At his death ten tribes, ripe for rebellion, revolted, and only the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were true to the House of David. There were now two rival kingdoms—**Israel**, with its capital at Shechem, and **Judah**, where the king ruled in Jerusalem.

For more than a hundred years there was war between the two kingdoms, until the "Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," overran Israel, and almost wiping out the ten tribes, forced Judah to pay tribute.

As the years passed the land grew weaker. Assyrian, Egyptian, and Babylonian harried the city. The glory that was Solomon's faded, for the treasure-houses of Jerusalem gave up their gold to buy peace from foreign kings. At last the day came when the walls, which had resisted so many sieges, were attacked by **Nebuchadnezzar**, the King of **Babylon**. For eighteen months the city held out, and then the great north wall fell. The besiegers swept through the breach, captured and blinded the king, burned the beautiful temple, tore down walls and houses and, carrying the people into Babylon, left behind them a heap of ruins. The prophet, Jeremiah, sat in his cave on the hillside, and mourned: "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people. How is she become a widow. She that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary. . . ."

Long years passed. Grass grew among the scattered stones. Cactus and thistle straggled over the temple-courts and by night the jackal howled among the ruins. Where Solomon had raised cedarwood pillars and a "sea of molten brass" there was a heap of dust. Over the deserted hillside goatherds drove their flocks, for Jerusalem was dead. Far away in Babylon her captive children turned longing eyes to the south, and hanging their harps upon the willows

remembered Zion and wept: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning."

Though Jerusalem lay desolate she could not be forgotten, and though the hours were dark for the captives dawn was at hand. The Babylonians were conquered by the great Persian warrior, **Cyrus**. The Jews returned to their deserted city, and within a century they had built a new temple on the Holy Rock, raised new walls and made gates and forts until the ancient glory seemed to live again. But the old Hebrew kingship was not revived. In its place a high-priest became ruler of the Jews.

There was little peace for the city for the next three hundred years; enemy after enemy thundered at her gates, until at last she bowed before the rising power of Rome.

Among the many Roman governors to whom Jerusalem was subject, **Herod the Great**, King of Judæa, was the most important. He beautified the city, building himself a royal palace and a theatre, repairing the walls and erecting great towers for defence. And because he desired to win the heart of the Jews and to give work to the people that they might not have time to think of rebelling, he had a new temple made, as fair as the sanctuary which Solomon had built from the plans of his father David. Under Herod Jerusalem became, once again, a great city, and the land of Judæa was delivered from the enemies who had laid it waste.

It was in Herod's reign that something happened which was to influence not only Jerusalem but the whole of the Roman Empire and the Western world long after the Empire had perished. **Jesus Christ** was born at Bethlehem. Some thirty years later, after He had wandered up and down the country preaching the gospel of love, He was seized at the instigation of some of His own people, the Jews; was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman Senator, and was crucified.

Now, although the followers of Christ were persecuted, they increased in number, and when, after many years, the

Romans destroyed Jerusalem, hoping to quell the Jews who were making war upon them, the Christians had become a recognized part of the community. Their hearts yearned towards the ruined Jerusalem where the Master had taught, but for sixty years it was nothing more than a soldiers' camp, until at last the Emperor **Hadrian** rebuilt it as a Roman city, called it *Ælia Capitolina*, set up a statue of himself in the place where the Jewish temple had stood, and made a shrine for the worship of Venus, the Roman goddess of Beauty. He drove the Jews away from the city, but let the Christians remain, and so, little by little, the Christian faith drifted away from its Jewish origin. The forms of worship altered until the two religions were entirely separate.

As Christianity spread, Jerusalem began to change. The world beyond was changing too, and as time passed pilgrims from other countries came to the Holy City to worship at the Mount of Olives. When the Roman Empire adopted the Christian faith the pilgrims increased, for the Emperor Constantine built two magnificent churches over the spot where Christ was supposed to have been buried, and the great desire of every pilgrim was to worship at the Holy Sepulchre. From this time Jerusalem was looked upon as a Christian city. More churches were built and more changes took place, for when, as you read in the last story, the Roman dominions were divided, Jerusalem was in the eastern half, which was afterwards called the Byzantine Empire, and depended upon Constantinople (or Byzantium) for help in times of trouble.

Help was sometimes needed. Five hundred years had passed since Hadrian's death, and there had been peace, but enemies were at hand. The Persians, overrunning Syria and Asia Minor, swarmed into Palestine, captured Jerusalem, and massacred many of the inhabitants. It needed all the strength and skill of the Byzantine emperor, Heraclius, to deliver the city, and when he came through the gates and crossed to the spot where Constantine had built his beautiful

churches, he found a heap of ruins, carved stones ground to powder, slender pillars broken in pieces and the graceful arches, under which so many pilgrims had wandered, shattered in a thousand fragments. Many years passed before another and smaller church was built over the Holy Sepulchre.

Meanwhile, other eyes were turning towards Jerusalem, at first in no spirit of envy or unfriendliness, but in adoration. **Mohammed**, an Arab prophet living in Mecca, had had a vision. In this vision he was urged to preach a new faith. Followers gathered round him, and the new sect prayed with their faces turned towards Jerusalem, for Mohammed told them it was a sacred city which would one day be the centre of the true religion. Although **Mecca** was afterwards chosen as the most sacred of Mohammedan cities, the followers of the prophet have always looked upon Jerusalem as holy.

The Mohammedans gradually increased and soon they were strong enough to overcome Palestine and Syria, beating back the Byzantine army which opposed them, until they stood at the very gates of Jerusalem.

Sadly the Christians surrendered. Sadly they watched their patriarch (bishop) climb the Mount of Olives and enter with bowed head the tent of **Omar**, the Mohammedan Caliph. But Omar was generous. He destroyed no churches, and promised that if the Christians would live at peace with the Mohammedans they should be free to worship as they wished. And when he had signed the treaty he went into the city and sought for the sacred rock which had once been the Jewish Holy of Holies. The noble sanctuary, long neglected, was now little more than a heap of rubbish. Clearing away the dust and fallen masonry, Omar found the rock, and over it he raised a mosque where the Mohammedans might worship. Some years later Omar's wooden structure was taken down and in its place the Mohammedans built the **Dome of the Rock**, a shrine of exquisite beauty, gleaming with blue, green, and gold mosaics. It was one of their most

sacred spots, and neither the Christians nor the Jews, who were gradually returning to the Holy City, were allowed to approach it.

Arts and science flourished in the Arab kingdom, and in their cities was every luxury which the Eastern mind could devise. Although time brought dissension and change, although rival caliphs arose in Bagdad, Damascus, and Cairo, the faith was staunch. The Mohammedan religion passed from Egypt to other parts of Africa and spread in an ever-widening circle in Asia. Among the converts were the **Turks**, descendants of a Mongol race in Central Asia, a wild people, fanatic in religion and fierce in battle. They looted the Arab kingdom. They swept through Persia, Syria, and Palestine, and with the cry, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," flung themselves against the walls of Jerusalem and, beating down Arab and Christian, captured the city. Now, indeed, times were changed. The easy-going caliphs, who had left the Christians unmolested, passed away. Their watchword had been: "Though Mohammed is dead, yet is Mohammed's God not dead," and Mohammed's God was "the merciful, the compassionate." But with the Turk there was neither mercy nor compassion for the Christian. The holy places became more and more difficult to visit. Pilgrims, beaten and stoned, were forced to pay extortionate tolls. Unburied bodies lay rotting in the highway, and pale, wasted faces peered through dungeon bars. Indignities were heaped upon priest and monk, and holy sites were desecrated.

Tradition says that when the persecution was at its height a poor French hermit, called **Peter**, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. One night, stealing past the Turkish guards, he crept to the Holy Sepulchre and knelt there at prayer. As he raised his eyes he thought that Christ stood before him, saying: "Peter, rouse the faithful to cleanse the holy places." So Peter, braving untold dangers, struggled to Rome and falling upon his knees before Pope Urban II., told

the story of the unhappy pilgrims. This, men say, was the origin of the First Crusade (1095). But was it?

Who can tell what it was that swayed Pope Urban's mind? It may have been vision. It may have been the power of the Spirit. But the Pope was a man. Was it unnatural for worldly thoughts to steal into his mind and temper the vision? The power of Rome was very near to his heart. If the armies of Europe heard his call and fought under the papal banner, would not the power of Rome be magnified? Whatever may have been his thoughts, grief for the degraded holy places, sorrow for the suffering Christians, or ambition for the papacy, the Pope spoke with such eloquence that wherever he went the people crowded round him, shouting: "Deus vult" (It is God's will). Wandering preachers took up the cry, and Peter the Hermit, riding upon an ass through France and along the Rhine, gathered thousands of the poor under his flag.

The first of the Crusaders were little more than an undisciplined rabble. Three armies even failed to reach Constantinople, while two others under Peter the Hermit and a wandering knight, called **Walter the Penniless**, straggled through Hungary and Bulgaria, passed from Constantinople across the Bosphorus and perished, almost to a man, at the hand of the Turk.

After them, streaming steadily southward and eastward, came the disciplined troops under the greatest military leaders of Europe, the most famous of whom was called **Godfrey of Bouillon**. Some there were who went for adventure or in the hope of gaining a throne in the East. Some were fanatics, and some mystics, and others simple soldiers, who would fight doggedly for their faith. And some went that they might forget the quarrels of petty princes, and some that they might earn forgiveness of their sins. And some were thieves and vulgar brawlers, anxious to loot. Some were women. Some, too, were children, and some were merchants whose sword could serve both God and

Mammon. But among them, *sans peur et sans reproche*, came the flower of Europe's chivalry, knights who believed it was the will of God.

The different armies joined at Constantinople, crossed the Hellespont, captured **Nicea**, and marched victoriously through Asia Minor. After a year's siege **Antioch** became a Christian principality, and the Crusaders marched along the coast towards Jerusalem. On a summer morning in 1099 they reached the Mount of Olives. The city in its girdle of stone walls lay below them. The golden domes were touched with light, and here and there a tower was faintly outlined against the sky. Filled with awe the Crusaders knelt in prayer, and then, as their mood changed, began to prepare for battle.

Time after time they were beaten back from the massive walls. Again and again they tried to make a breach. At last they succeeded. Godfrey of Bouillon and his army rushed into the city and, hacking their way through the narrow streets, met their comrades entering in triumph from the other side. "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate," pleaded the terror-stricken Mohammedans, and were cut down before the prayer had died on their lips. Never was such slaughter: Arab, Turk, and Jew were hacked to pieces; old men, women, and children were butchered without mercy. The cries of the wounded and dying mingled with shouts of triumph. The streets streamed with blood. Horses and men splashed through it, crushing or cutting down all who stood in their way.

When darkness fell and only the fitful light of a few torches flickered for an instant on this human shambles, the Crusaders, clasping their blood-stained hands, knelt at the spot where the dying Christ had prayed: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

The first Crusade was over, and now Jerusalem saw another government. A new kingdom was founded with Godfrey of Bouillon as its first ruler and with Antioch and Edessa in the north as dependencies. This kingdom lasted



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

From a drawing by Major Benton Fletcher, in *JERUSALEM (Cities of Renown)*.

Benton Fletcher
1902

for more than three-quarters of a century and, in all, nineteen kings reigned. Life in the city changed, and as the Christian kingdom won new dominions, new churches and strongholds were built. Pilgrims again visited the holy places, and two famous military orders were formed. They were known as the **Hospitallers**, or the **Knights of St. John**, who founded a hospital for pilgrims in Jerusalem, and the **Templars**, who lived in the "noble Sanctuary" and putting a cross over the Dome of the Rock, used it as their church.

Traders came and settled in the coast towns, bought spices, scents and fruits from Egyptian and Syrian merchants, and took them to the Venetian markets so that the Western world could buy and enjoy Eastern goods.

Fortune varied in the Christian kingdom. Sometimes new outposts were gained, and sometimes the old ones were lost. The fall of Edessa roused Europe to a **Second Crusade** which failed, and gradually the kingdom began to decline. In the Holy City the Crusaders, growing used to Eastern customs, forgot their Christian ideals. Habits of luxury grew upon them and they lost their vigour. The heat of the sun, their intercourse with the Mohammedans and adoption of Eastern manners, made them indolent. They quarrelled among themselves. The Templars and the Hospitallers, who had once taken vows of poverty and obedience, acquired tracts of land and great riches. Little by little the kingdom was disorganized. The Mohammedans, too, were disorganized. They far outnumbered the Christians, but they were divided by feuds, and it was only when these rivalries were sunk, and one ruler united Syria and Egypt, that the Christian kingdom was doomed.

It was to **Saladin**, caliph of Cairo, that the kingdom owed its fall. He fought his way through the country, and at **Hattin**, near the sea of Galilee, routed the Crusaders. A month later he passed in triumph through the gates of Jerusalem (1187).

The princes of Europe launched the **Third Crusade**

against him. It was a great military campaign under Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Philip the Second of France, and Richard the Lion-Heart of England. They suffered untold hardships and they were brave beyond words, but they were jealous of one another, and their failure to combine saved Saladin's empire. Only Richard of England and his army saw the Holy City, and even they could not reach it. They no longer saw the Cross upon the Dome of the Rock, and retracing their steps returned, weary at heart, to their homes. But they had not fought in vain. The negotiations which Richard had had with Saladin brought a closer understanding between Christian and Mohammedan, and a treaty secured the rights of pilgrims to visit the holy places untaxed.

Four more Crusades followed the third, but they were no longer sent in a spirit of religious zeal and, as time passed, Western Europe found it more and more difficult to unite in a common cause, and at last in 1291 the Christian occupation of Jerusalem came to an end.

And now Jerusalem, abandoned to her fate, was left in the hands of the Mohammedans. For two hundred years she was ruled by the Sultans of Egypt, and then as the Turks advanced in Asia and Europe, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt became a part of the Turkish Empire, and Turkish pashas governed the Holy City. The Christians and Mohammedan Arabs and the Jews remained within the walls, but their lives were not easy. Even the native Mohammedans groaned under the harsh treatment of their masters. It was a time of little progress, and for four hundred years the Turkish yoke weighed heavily upon the people. There grew up a legend among them that one day a prophet would come to deliver them. Throughout the great European war (1914-1918), when the allied Turks and Germans were fighting against the British in the Holy Land, the native Arab soldiers, Christian and Mohammedan, though forced to obey their Turkish officers, still prayed for the prophet.

In 1917, after a long campaign in Palestine, Lord Allenby, at the head of the British forces, entered Jerusalem. And the people, seeing the victorious general and hearing his name, cried in their tongue: "Al neby! Al neby!" (The prophet! The prophet!).

And now the city has undergone another change, for Great Britain holds the **mandate** for Palestine. This means that the management of the country has been entrusted to Great Britain until the time comes when it will be capable of governing itself. Our Government, remembering the people who long ago lived in and lost the country, has decreed that Palestine shall be a national home for the Jews, whose kindred are scattered all over the world. Little by little those Jews who wish to return are going back to Palestine and making themselves homes, but among the Christian and Mohammedan inhabitants there are many who are unwilling that they should return, and it is too soon to prophesy what the result of the movement will be.

CONSTANTINOPLE

MORE than six hundred years before the birth of Christ a number of Greek galleys sailed up the Hellespont and cast anchor in the Golden Horn. Byzas, a Greek pilot fleeing from the oppressive rule of the nobility, was leading some peasants to a new home.

Before him lay a triangle of land, thrust like a natural barrier between east and west. Seven hills commanded the shores of Europe and Asia. The mouth of the harbour was wide enough for the entrance of ships, yet so narrow that it could be spanned by a chain. Byzas and his followers saw that this spot combined beauty and safety, and they built a city upon the seven hills to guard the narrow channel of water between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. They called it **Byzantium**.

The fortunes of the little settlement varied with the passage of years. Twice the town was destroyed and rebuilt. War was ever at its gates, and it was subject in turn to Persia, Sparta, Athens, and Rome, until at last the Emperor Constantine, seeing its advantages, made it the Eastern capital of the Roman Empire (A.D. 330). In homage to its new founder, the name Byzantium was changed to Constantinople (the town of Constantine), but an echo of the city's origin still lingers in the word Byzantine.

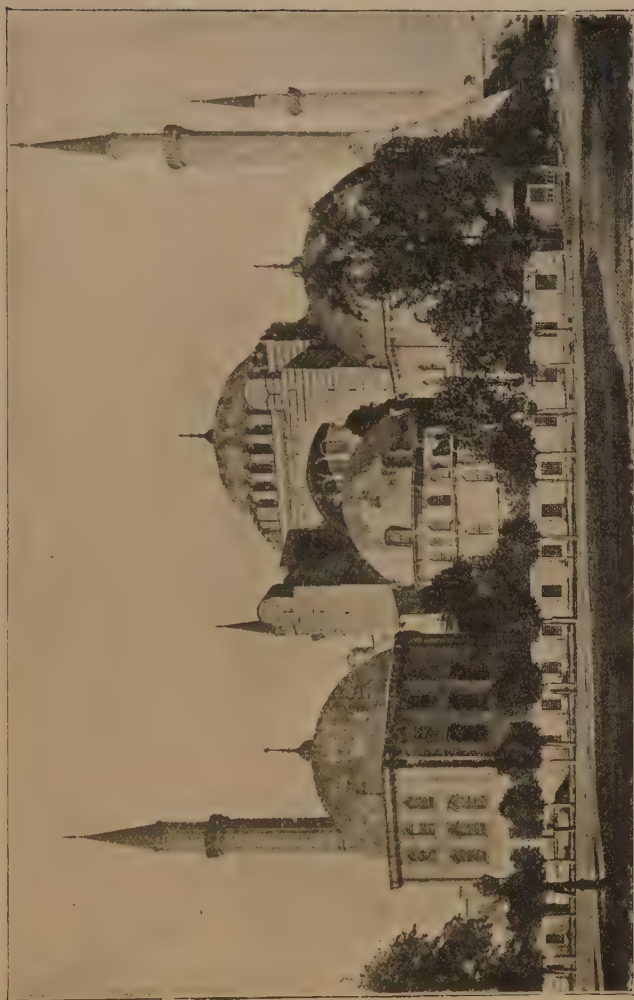
Constantine and his successors surrounded the city with walls and made it so strong that it stood like a bulwark between east and west. Beyond these walls barbarian kings pursued their conquests until the Western Empire had crumbled away. New kingdoms grew up and all that remained to the Roman emperors were their eastern dominions

with Constantinople as their capital. Time after time the imperial army marched through the gates, returning sometimes in triumph and sometimes in despair, but Constantinople behind its massive shield listened to the thunder of war and remained impregnable, the Queen of Cities.

It was in the sixth century, when the Emperor **Justinian** was on the throne, that the town grew more beautiful. In those days, the leaders of the Hippodrome, where the public games were played, were called the Blues and the Greens. They were a powerful people who had a voice in the management of the town. Angry with the Emperor for a decree of which they disapproved, they rebelled and fought their way through the streets, crying: "Nika, nika!" (Conquer, conquer!). By the time the insurrection was quelled, the buildings of Constantine and much of what had been Byzantium lay in ruins. But under the direction of Justinian the city seemed to bloom again like a garden. Golden-domed palaces rose from the ashes of the old town. Basilicas and cloisters, aqueducts on slim curved arches, churches, hospitals, barracks, and convents filled the city, and in the midst of these treasures, more wonderful than any other building, was the church of the Divine Wisdom, **St. Sophia**.

In these days the market-places hummed with industry, for the city, built upon European soil, yet standing upon the very edge of Asia, had become the centre of Eastern and Western trade. A medley of races thronged the streets. Dusky Persians, Jews from Palestine, bartered their wares with Greeks from the Peloponnese, and dark-skinned traders from Egypt. Merchants from Sicily and Africa unloaded their cargo upon the quays, for Constantinople gathered within its walls all the races of the Byzantine Empire and men of every other nation which sought for merchandise.

In spite of fitful rebellions, conspiracies in the Hippodrome, and ravages caused by plague, within the city beauty and prosperity went hand in hand. Outside, barbarian after



THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

barbarian threatened the walls and were driven back by their massive strength. Persian, Slav, and Bulgar were defeated one after another, and then came the Mohammedan peril.

The beginning of the seventh century was marked by a great event. In the story of Jerusalem you read how **Mohammed**, an Arab living in Mecca, founded a new religion, which in twenty years was destined to conquer a great part of the Oriental world. In 672 the **Saracens**, Mohammedan Arabs who had devastated Asia, reached the walls of Constantinople and besieged the city. The army was undaunted. Greek fire (a mixture of nitre, naphtha, and sulphur) was poured upon the enemy, and after a siege which lasted for seven summers the Saracens retired. Fifty years later they came again, eager to break down that strength which stood between them and Europe. Once again they were driven back. It was as though the great grey walls of Constantinople had been built to protect the whole of the Western world.

In spite of continuous warfare, Constantinople flourished. In the tenth and the early part of the eleventh centuries the city was at the height of its magnificence. As the trade routes of the world led into its harbours all the products of the universe, as it was then known, changed hands in its markets. The bazaars were gay with silks, jewels and enamels, carved ivory, coloured glass and embroideries. The festivals of the Church and the spectacles at the Hippodrome were so brilliant that every stranger marvelled. Life at Court was unparalleled in its luxury. From all parts students came to study science and philosophy. Art and poetry flourished. The precious manuscripts of the old Greek writers were carefully copied, for Constantinople, as you read in the story of Athens, guarded the civilization of the ancient world.

But magnificence does not spell strength. While commerce, industry, and learning had been developing, the

Byzantine emperors, with a few exceptions, had been growing more and more luxurious. As the Emperor and his officials grew more corrupt, the empire was neglected. Revolutions followed. New heads were crowned and changes made, but the defences of the empire weakened. Within the walls, men's eyes were dazzled by wealth; outside, there was slow decay. Gradually Arab, Tartar, and Turk had whittled away the Byzantine dominions in the east, while Pope and Norman had seized the imperial land in Italy.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, when **Alexius I. Comnenus** (1081-1118) was on the throne, not only was the shrunken empire surrounded by enemies, but Constantinople itself had foes within its gates. These foes were Italian merchants. In these days Venice had a strong fleet, and Alexius Comnenus, threatened by a powerful enemy who had reached Macedonia, appealed to the Venetians for help. But the "Queen of the Adriatic," as Venice was called, would only lend ships and men at her own price, and Constantinople paid dearly. In all parts of the empire Venice exacted the right to trade. In the Byzantine ports she demanded her own land and factories, and a Venetian quarter, subject to Venetian law, was established within the walls of Constantinople. Genoese and Pisan merchants began to follow hot upon the heels of their Venetian rivals. With competition such as this, Constantinople began to lose its trade, and while the great city was falling behind in the race for wealth the Mohammedan peril drew nearer.

The **Turks** now threatened Constantinople. The story of Jerusalem told you how they overran Persia, Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor. They were now drawing nearer to the Bosphorus. In desperation the Emperor wrote to Rome, urging the Pope and all the princes of the West to save the Queen of Cities by helping him to reconquer Asia Minor. This appeal, coupled with the desire of every Christian to wrest the holy city of Jerusalem from the Mohammedans, resulted in the First Crusade (1096-1099).

There were, as we have already seen, seven Crusades in all, and they covered a period of about two hundred years. The first resulted in the formation of a Christian kingdom in Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa. The second failed to recover Edessa, which had fallen, and the third saw the decay of the Christian Kingdom and Jerusalem left in the hands of the Mohammedans. The fourth, as we shall see, brought dishonour upon the Crusaders and humiliation to Constantinople. The others had no direct bearing upon the history of the city.

In order to reach the Holy Land the crusading armies were obliged to pass through the imperial city. To the cultured people of Constantinople, the Crusaders seemed little more than savages. Their leaders were insolent and paid but a contemptuous homage to the Emperor. The continuous passage of armed pilgrims was not only a menace, but an expense, and the Emperor very soon learned that what the Crusaders might conquer from the Turks they would keep for themselves, heedless of Byzantine claims.

It was not long before Constantinople understood that the Crusaders were as dangerous as the Turks. With a Christian kingdom in Palestine and Syria, trade in the East increased, but Constantinople did not benefit, for the goods were gradually deflected to other markets. The Venetians, Genoese, and Pisans, were eager Crusaders, but they were just as ardent traders, and they found it more profitable to deal direct with Egyptian and Syrian merchants than to use Constantinople as a "market." Ruin stared the city in the face. As time passed the Italians encroached at every point, and before long there was open war between Constantinople and Venice. Venice, growing richer and more powerful every year, profited, and although the war soon came to an end her attention seldom wandered from Constantinople, and she longed to humble this proud rival to the dust. Her opportunity came with the Fourth Crusade (1202-1204).

The Venetian fleet was waiting to transport the Crusaders

to the East, but they had broken their promises and had not been able to make the payments which Venice had demanded. Venice absolved them from their vows on condition that they would help to conquer Constantinople. Heedless of the protests of the Pope, the Crusaders agreed, and the Fourth Crusade became nothing more than a movement to increase Venetian dominion and commerce in the East.

After severe fighting Constantinople fell. The Crusaders rushed through a breach in the walls and, to their everlasting dishonour, looted the city as though they had been a band of brigands. They stripped the churches, stealing tapestries, hangings and sacred vessels, melting down the altars of precious metals and carrying away the ikons. Sacred relics were sent to almost every country in Europe.

Constantinople, which had always protected the West, had now become a captive in Western chains. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was set upon the throne of the emperors, and a Venetian said the Latin Mass in St. Sophia.

But proud as they were of their conquest the victors were not able to hold Constantinople for long. Fifty-seven years later a Greek sat once again on the Byzantine throne, and his subjects gave thanks in St. Sophia.

But a change had come over the city. Its wealth had drifted away and the luxury of the court was a thing of the past. The new emperors were poor—so poor, it is said, that John, the sixth of their line, was at one time arrested for debt while travelling in Venice.

For nearly two hundred years (1260-1453) the Emperors' task was difficult. The Byzantine Empire was weakening year by year. The trade which had left Constantinople never returned. Years before, in her struggles with the imperial city, Venice had seized certain islands in the Ægean Sea, and these still remained in her hands. When the Crusaders had conquered Constantinople they had also captured certain small states which were now in their possession. Some of the Greek and Bulgarian princes who

had once been the Byzantine Emperor's subjects, had refused allegiance to the Crusaders and were now unwilling to give up their independence. The great Empire was shrinking rapidly. Across the Bosphorus, strip after strip was cut away by the Turks, who finally seized Gallipoli on the Dardanelles and fortified it as a base for future military operations against Europe.

Time after time the Byzantine emperors appealed to the West for help. They humbled themselves in the hope of saving a remnant of their ancient glory. But Western Europe was engaged in struggles of its own and turned a deaf ear to Constantinople. Year by year the Turks grew more powerful, until in 1361 the Emperor was defeated at **Adrianople** and became little better than a vassal of the Turkish Sultan. A few years later a Mohammedan mosque was built within the walls of Constantinople, and in 1449 the last of the Byzantine emperors, **Constantine XII.**, could not ascend the throne before he had obtained the Sultan's permission. So low had Constantinople fallen.

Meanwhile, scholars had begun to leave the town, carrying with them the works of the Greek writers which they had studied and copied so carefully from the libraries. They were beginning to understand that Constantinople could not be saved. They knew that when once the Turks had captured the city, all the culture and learning which had meant so much would be destroyed, and the ancient civilization, which Constantinople had protected, would be swept away.

In the spring of 1453 the Turks had completed their preparations, and it was not long before their ships stretched from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, and their soldiers surrounded Constantinople. The siege lasted for nearly three months. The exhausted defenders fought bravely, but their efforts were of no avail. The Turks mowed them down and swept into the city. The emperor, **Constantine XII.**, fell. His body, buried under a heap of

corpses, was only recognized by the golden eagles embroidered on his purple buskins.

In the silence of St. Sophia a multitude of Christians stood at prayer. The doors were beaten down, the worshippers slain or seized, and the Christian symbols shattered by Turkish battle-axes. But Mohammed, the conqueror, namesake of the prophet who had founded his religion, rode up to the church and stayed the destruction. He stood upon the marble altar and prayed while one of his own holy men read aloud from the **Koran**, the Mohammedan bible. St. Sophia, the sanctuary of the Christians, the pride of Constantinople, had become a Mohammedan mosque. The Byzantine Emperor was dead, and a Turkish Sultan ruled in his place.

Year after year, Constantinople had stood like a sentinel between Europe and Asia, guarding the scholarship of the ancient world, and now the lamp was extinguished. Europe had watched this agelong battle, had used the city as a bulwark, and in its hour of need had scarcely raised a finger to help. Constantinople had fallen and the eyes of the Turk turned towards Western Europe.

Mohammed and his successors were bent upon enlarging their empire. They conquered Albania, Bosnia, and Serbia, seized Egypt and occupied Jerusalem. Greece fell before them, and their emblem, the crescent, floated almost in sight of the Adriatic. The Venetians who might once have saved Constantinople from its fate now fought desperately. The Turks devastated their provinces up to the Udine and exacted such heavy dues that they began to lose their trade. Thirteen times **Suleiman, the Magnificent** (1520-66), marched through the gates of Constantinople and returned victorious. Belgrade and Rhodes surrendered to him. He fought against Hungary, and Budapest fell into his hands. He reached the very walls of Vienna before he was driven back. His name became a terror to the kings of the West, for the Turkish Empire now included Arabia and the Yemen, and

stretched from the Caucasus through Greece and the Balkans into Hungary.

Venice continued to struggle, but one by one she lost her possessions. "I have cut off one of the arms of the Republic," laughed the **Sultan Selim**, when he had captured Cyprus, but he smiled too soon, for

"The Pope has cast his arm abroad for agony and loss,
And called the Kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross."

That call was answered. Spaniards and Venetians formed a triple league with the Pope, and a fleet under **Don John of Austria**, half-brother of Philip II. of Spain, put to sea against the Turks (1571). They met the Turkish galleys off the coast of **Lepanto**, and there followed one of the most famous of naval battles in which the Turkish fleet was destroyed.

"Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea,
White for bliss and blind for Sun and stunned for liberty.

Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free."

This disastrous defeat shook the power of the Turks, and Europe began to see that they were not invincible. Austria, who had fought them like Venice for a hundred years, kept her sword unsheathed for another century and prevented them from advancing further into Europe. Again they reached Vienna but, fortunately for Austria, **John Sobieski**, the King of Poland, came to her help and the Turks were driven back (1683). From this moment Europe ceased to be afraid of them and little by little they were pushed out of Hungary.

Meanwhile, two-and-a-half centuries of Turkish rule had changed Constantinople. The city, as a capital of the

Turkish Empire, had become Mohammedan. The Christians were allowed to keep their patriarch, but he had to obey the Sultan on whom his life depended. Nearly every church was turned into a place of worship for the Mohammedans. New mosques were built, and five times a day the **muezzin** called the Turks to prayer. "God is great. I bear witness there is no other God but God, and Mohammed is his apostle. Come to prayers. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other God but God." In the courtyard of St. Sophia the Christians saw their conquerors wash at the fountains, take off their shoes and pass through the carved door which had once been opened wide to admit the proud Byzantine emperors.

The Sultan, who ruled over the Turkish Empire, lived in Constantinople and had absolute power. His will was law and he was responsible to no one. The man who helped to carry out his wishes and who was a sort of Prime Minister in all civil affairs was the **Grand Vizier**. The Sultan's body-guard, who were such fierce fighters and who carried out their master's orders with great brutality, were known as **Janissaries**. Most of them were Christian captives from conquered countries who had been saved in their babyhood and brought up in Turkish barracks as strict Mohammedans. From the time they could hold a weapon, they were trained in the art of warfare and everything was done to make them fierce and fanatical. In later days they grew so powerful that they, rather than the Sultan, were the real masters of Constantinople, and the inhabitants suffered as much from their rebellions as from the misgovernment of the luxurious, pleasure-loving Sultans.

Bribery and corruption in the government, discontent among the people, insurrections and neglect in the army, weakened the Turks, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they steadily lost ground. Disaster followed disaster. Austria no longer feared them, for a new Power had appeared to drive them back—the great country of

Russia who longed to seize Constantinople. But the other Great Powers of Europe, especially the English, did not want Russia to have Constantinople. Turkey was so weak now they were no longer afraid of her, but they feared that Russia would become too strong if she had Constantinople, so they always prevented the Russians from taking the city away from the Turks. The trouble between Russia and Turkey gave rise to several wars, all of which weakened Turkey.

Meanwhile she was growing weaker for another reason too. The Christian people of the Balkans, who had been conquered in the great days of Turkey's advance, began to try to make themselves free again. By 1914 they had all succeeded and the Turks had no possessions left in Europe except Constantinople and a little piece of land round it.

When the Great War of 1914 broke out Turkey joined Germany and Austria against England, France, and the other Allies. When fighting was over and the allies had been victorious the European Powers long debated the fate of Constantinople, but it was left in the hands of the Sultan.

Now, however, times have changed. There is no longer a Sultan of Turkey, for the country has become a republic. The capital has been removed to **Angora** in Asia Minor and Constantinople, the glory of the Byzantine emperors, the incomparable city of the Sultans has become little more than "the shadow of a mighty name," a ghostly sentinel still standing between East and West.

VENICE

CLOSE to the northern shores of Italy, where the waters of the Adriatic wash against her coast, lies the city of Venice, like a ship, afloat upon blue lagoons. Her streets are canals. Little waves, ruffled by the wind from that sea which touches her very gates, ripple against her walls. Graceful pinnacles taper towards the sky. Delicate bridges span her waterways. From pillar to pillar, through the curved arches, around the piles of masonry and fretted stonework, comes the murmur of liquid music. It is the song of the sea, an ever-present echo from the past, whispering of a glory which Venice can never forget. For the glory of Venice was a glory brought to her by the sea, and in days gone by she was the proudest city in the Western world.

And what is the story which the sea whispers to Venice?

Long ago, when Italy was divided by the Romans into provinces, there was a rich district in the north called Venetia. An old writer says that it was "marvellous in corn, wine, oil, and all manner of fruits." The people who lived there cultivated the land and built fair cities. About two miles from the coast there was a group of islands protected from the waves of the Adriatic by long bars of sand. Storm-swept and barren, they were the homes of a few poor fishermen who brought their wares in boats to the mainland. As time went on, the people of Venetia began to make use of these islands. They strengthened the marshes by flexible withies, built dykes and made villages. Gradually craftsmen and farmers, and even noble families, joined

the fishermen, and little settlements were formed. But while these island villages were growing, the Roman Empire was crumbling. Italy was attacked by barbarian tribes. They swept down and none could stop them. North and east they came, through the Italian passes and into Venetia. The terror-stricken people fled to the lagoons, and there among the marshes and island-villages they made a new home.

At first they had twelve small settlements, governed, as in the old Roman days, by **tribunes**. Later they chose themselves a leader who was called a doge, and they made the island of **Rialto** their capital. It was on this island that the city of Venice grew to fame and beauty.

The Venetians chose St. Mark as their patron saint. Among the early settlers there was a legend that the saint had once been driven by a terrible storm to the island of Rialto. As he pulled his bark ashore, an angel touched him, saying: "Peace be to thee, Mark, my evangelist. Here shall thy bones find a resting-place." The saint died in Alexandria, and for many years his body lay there, guarded by pagans, until at last two Venetian traders creeping to the sepulchre by night stole it, and hiding it in a basket under some cabbages and swine's flesh, carried it to Venice. The doge and his people received the precious relics with reverence and built for them a little chapel, not far from the spot where the Basilica of St. Mark now stands.

Like every other city Venice had her troubles. There were many wealthy and noble families within her gates. They were ambitious and sought for power, and the people supported now one and now another, so that bloody revolutions followed. Outside, too, there were enemies who were jealous of the little state and wished to rob her of her independence. But the Venetians were proud and would yield to none. "God," said they, "who is our help and protector



[Birket Foster

VENICE.

has saved us to dwell upon these waters. This Venice, which we have raised among the lagoons, is our mighty habitation : no power of emperor or of prince can touch us." From their islands they defied sometimes the Byzantine Emperor in the East, sometimes the Pope and the Emperor in the West, turning to whichever side offered the greater advantage to Venice, for the one thought in their minds was the independence of their own Republic.

And the secret of this independence was in the salt tang of the air which they breathed, in the ripples which passed over the lagoons at high tide and splashed in white flakes of foam against the city walls. It was the secret of the sea. The future of Venice lay upon the waters, and the waters carried her eastward.

Although she flouted the Byzantine Empire when it suited her purpose, she was for the most part friendly. She wanted so much from the East that she could not afford to make it her enemy, but whenever she stretched out a helping hand she asked for payment, and payment came in the form of trading rights. Year by year Venice built new ships, which sailed to the East and brought back stores of sweet spices, camphor and ivory, perfumes of Araby, gleaming pearls and soft bright silks. And as Venice grew rich she began to make herself more and more secure. Little by little she conquered the ring of mainland behind her, so that her government stretched beyond the lagoons, and she had nothing to fear from the coast. Then, once more, she turned to the sea. If her future lay upon the waters they must be made safe for her ships. But there were pirates in the Adriatic. Lying in wait along the coast of Dalmatia, they harried the Venetian galleys as they sailed towards the lagoons, laden with treasure from the East. The Venetians swooped down upon them, conquered the whole of the Dalmatian coast, and became protectors of the sea from Trieste to Albania. From that day they called the Adriatic the Gulf of Venice. After this great victory, on the morning of Ascension Day,

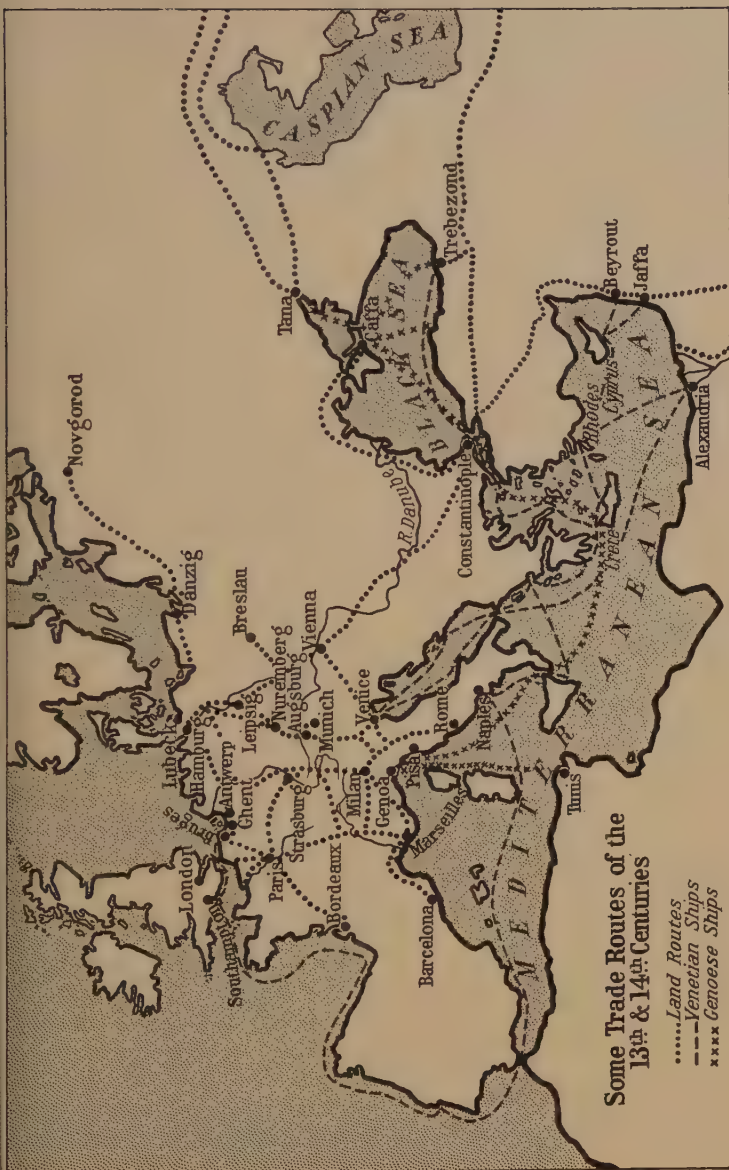
the clergy of St. Mark, in a barge covered with cloth of gold, and the doge in his painted state barge, sailed out to bless the waters. "O Lord," prayed the bishop, "deign to grant that this sea be calm and peaceful to us and to all that sail upon it," and he anointed all who were present with holy water, and cast what remained into the sea. This was the origin of a famous ceremony which took place about two hundred years later, and was repeated, year after year, until the Republic of Venice came to an end. It was called the **Wedding of the Adriatic**. Every Ascension Day, the doge, with the bishops and clergy, with his court and a vast rejoicing crowd, cast a ring into the waters, saying: "We wed thee, O sea, in token of our true and lasting dominion over thee."

Venice, wedded to the sea, grew prouder and greater every year. She became a European power. Kings and emperors of the West sought alliance with her; the Emperor of the East allowed her to trade in all parts of his empire. She built her trading-houses beyond the Mediterranean and a colony of her merchants settled in Constantinople. Then came the Crusades. Who but Venice had ships to carry the knights to the Holy Land? She manned her galleys, provided convoys, food and weapons, but her price was high. In every conquered city she demanded her own church, bakery and mill, her own market-place and the right for her merchants to trade without taxes. In city after city east of the Adriatic there was a quarter where the banner of St. Mark floated. Island after island in the Mediterranean fell to the lot of Venice. Up the Bosphorus and into the Black Sea sped her galleys. It was small wonder that the Byzantine emperors were jealous and sought to drive the Venetians from Constantinople. At this time the Fourth Crusade had been launched, but the Crusaders could not pay Venice the transport fees to which they had agreed. The old blind doge, **Enrico Dandolo**, exacted payment in another form. He turned the Crusade to the use of Venice and, as we saw

in the story of Constantinople, the knights helped to conquer that great city. Constantinople fell, and the Venetians, carrying their loot back to the lagoons, set four great gilded horses outside the Basilica of St. Mark. A Venetian patriarch said Mass in St. Sophia, and Venice, who had wedded the Adriatic, could now do as she pleased in the Ægean, the Sea of Marmora, and the Black Sea, too. On all coasts of these seas, she built her trading stations.

Venice was now the market of the world. Merchandise from the East came to port in Venice. Through the Syrian desert and Egypt came the slender line of camels to unload their burdens at Antioch and Alexandria, and here the Venetian merchants came in their ships to carry them away. Caravans, with silk and spices, pack-horses and laden mules jogging through Central Asia, reached the Black Sea, and here, again, the Venetian ships met them and carried the precious freight through the Dardanelles across the Mediterranean and into Venice. Every year six trading fleets set sail from the lagoons for the Syrian, Egyptian, and Black Sea ports, and for Flanders and England. Sweet white wine of France, Flemish cloth and English wool, metal ores of Germany, and soft, warm furs of Scandinavia all came to Venice. And in exchange for Western goods Venice gave the spoils of the East, sending them by ship through the Straits of Gibraltar, or on pack-horses across the Alps into Germany and France.

In the thirteenth century Venice was at the height of her power, but she had a rival. On the north-west coast of Italy lay Genoa, a town of seamen and ambitious merchants, who eyed the Venetians askance. They, too, had galleys which brought them treasure from the East, and twice they nearly destroyed the power of Venice. Venice had conquered Constantinople, but Genoa helped to win it back for the Byzantine emperors. Sometimes there was an uneasy peace between the two towns, and sometimes there



Some Trade Routes of the
13th & 14th Centuries

- Land Routes
- Venetian Ships
- Genoese Ships

TRADE ROUTES.

was war. Fortune was now on one side and now on the other. Warfare lasted for over a hundred years, until at last the power of Genoa was broken and Venice reigned supreme.

But she was not content with her colonial empire in the East, and so she looked behind her. The cities of Northern Italy were tempting. They were weak, for the princely families who ruled them were often at war with one another. Venice seized first one and then another. Within fifty years she was mistress of all the most important towns north and west of the lagoons. So busy was she adding to her possessions that she paid little heed to the sound of muffled drums in the East. Warning after warning came from her consuls. "The Turks are upon us," cried the Greek scholars, fleeing from the East with their precious manuscripts and seeking refuge among the lagoons. But Venice, whose glory was brought to her by the sea, and whose wealth lay upon the waters, had turned to the land. In 1453 when the Turks had advanced so far that Constantinople fell before their onslaught, Venice was unprepared. She quivered under the shock. As the Turks were forcing their way into Europe she began, little by little, to lose her colonies. She fought for them, but she could not give all her attention to her navy. She had become a land power, too, and had to guard her frontiers.

Meanwhile, other people were thinking of the glory which was brought by the sea. In the fifteenth century most of the rich goods from the East came by way of Egypt, and the Venetian ships used to go and fetch them from the great Egyptian port of Alexandria; for the caravan roads across Syria and Central Asia had been much interrupted by wars and by the advance of the Turks. So the Venetians tried very hard to prevent anyone else from trading at Alexandria, because they wanted all the profits for themselves. But in the far west of Europe, on the Atlantic coast of the Spanish peninsula, lay Portugal—a land of brave sailors. The Portu-

guese longed to find a direct trade-route between Western Europe and the land where the spices grew, so they sent their ships on voyages of discovery. Further and further along the coast of Africa they went, until at last a man called **Diaz** reached the Cape of Good Hope. Twelve years later (1498) **Vasco da Gama** doubled the Cape and, sailing northward, steered straight across the Indian Ocean and reached India, returning to Portugal with a cargo of spices.

The news was brought to Venice, and consternation seized her citizens. If this were true the Portuguese would capture the Eastern trade, because they could go straight to India, and the Venetians could only go as far as Alexandria, for the rulers of Egypt would not let them come any further than the port.

A Venetian gentleman described in his diary the anxiety of the Venetian merchants: "All Venice was alarmed and amazed, and the wiser heads took it for the worst news that could have reached us. For everyone knows that Venice has reached her wealth solely by her merchant fleet, which brought every year great store of spices, so that foreign merchants flocked to buy, and their presence and their business left us a large profit. But now by this new route the spices from the East will be carried to Lisbon, where Hungarians, Germans, Flemish, and French will go to purchase them, as they will be cheaper there than here. . . . While the better heads see this, others refuse to believe the news, while others again declare that the King of Portugal cannot keep up this trade to India, for out of thirteen ships which he sent out, only six have come back safe, and so the loss will exceed the gain, nor can he easily find men to risk their lives in so long and perilous a voyage, and so on and so on, seeking as usual to find out reasons to support their hopes and refusing to hear and believe what is reported to their own hurt."

Venice had heard her death-knell. From this moment

she began to lose her proud position. Her trade gradually dwindled. One by one her colonies fell before the advancing Turk. Struggles with the Pope and war on the mainland weakened her. The other countries showed her little mercy. Meeting in secret, representatives of France, Spain, the powerful Emperor of those lands which we now call Germany and Austria, and the Pope, made a league against her and would have divided all her possessions if she had not discovered the plot.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries passed. Within the city art and letters flourished. Beautiful pictures were painted, and noble buildings raised, but arms were seldom laid down, and Venice grew weaker every year.

The eighteenth century dawned. The state was torn by petty jealousies. Venetians, forgetting their Republic, thought only of a life of amusement. The glory of Venice passed away. She had no further influence in Europe. Her navy was old-fashioned and her trade lost. Visitors from Europe flocked to see her beauty, admire her pictures, and float in gondolas along her lagoons, but they no longer thought of her as the great market of the world. To them she was just an interesting old town.

There came a day, May 16, 1797, when for the first time in a thousand years an enemy crossed the lagoons and passed through the city gates. It was **Napoleon**. He took possession of the city, and the Republic of Venice came to an end. The doge, taking off his biretta, told a servant to put it away. "We shall not need it again," he said.

The story of Venice had ended. Her proud neck bent under the yoke of subjection. She was buffeted between France and Austria, and then handed over to Austria altogether, until the land of Italy, so long divided into petty states, became a united kingdom, and Venice, rising from the ruin of her dreams, became an Italian city, no more important than Genoa, no greater than the towns which she had

once conquered. All that remained was the immortal beauty of her pictures and buildings, and the eternal whisper of the sea.

“Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! . . . Alas, alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea.”

BRUGES

ONE of the most beautiful cities in Europe is the town of Bruges in Belgium. The high-pointed houses with red roofs, the winding streets and alleys, the ancient weather-beaten buildings, and the famous belfry, "old and brown," which stands in the market-place, make for us to-day a picture of a town which has not changed very much since the Middle Ages, except that it was then young and vigorous and is now old and sleepy.

If we could go back many hundreds of years, we should see, where the city now stands, a desolate stretch of fenland, with hardly a sign of life except for the wild birds which flew whirring up from the rushes and across the grey sky. Sodden marshes and wandering streams did not make it an inviting spot for man to live in, yet at the meeting-place of two of these little streams was an island, and because that island was so well protected by bog and water, men built on it a rough fort and settled there.

In the ninth century Flanders (or, as we call it to-day, Belgium) belonged to the King of France, **Charles the Bald**. When his kingdom was harried by the Norsemen, who laid it waste, and slew and terrified its inhabitants, he sought the help of his great lords, and in return for their services gave them lands, and allowed them to rule like little kings in their own possessions. **Baldwin of the Iron Arm** (so-called because he wore his coat of mail in peace and war alike) was one of the most famous of these warlike lords. He carried off the king's daughter to be his wife, and later, when the king forgave him, because he needed Baldwin's iron arm against the Norsemen, he brought his bride to the little island

settlement in the river. He destroyed the old fort and built himself a strong castle and a chapel, set a thick wall with four great gateways around the island, and flung a bridge across the river to join the island to the mainland. An old writer tells us that as time went on a little town grew up round the fort. Pedlars set up booths and sold their wares under its walls; traders brought their goods on pack-horses; men began to drain the land and build houses near the bridge. In Flemish the word for bridge is **brugge**, and the settlement near the bridge gave its name to the city, which later became one of the greatest markets in the western world.

Henceforward, Baldwin and his successors ruled as counts of Flanders, and Bruges was the greatest city in their domain. Let us look at it again three hundred years later, in the twelfth century.

While its merchants and cloth-makers were working busily at home to build up the cloth trade, which (as we shall see) was to make the fortune of the city, and planning how the trade in the town was to be carried on, their Count Dierick, who longed to rescue the Holy Land from the Turks, took up the Crusader's sword, and joined his fellow-knights in the Second Crusade (1147-1149). The Crusade failed, but Dierick had behaved with great courage, and the Christians in the kingdom of Jerusalem decided to give him something so sacred that the people of Flanders would always honour him. This was the Treasure of the Sacred Blood, which was said to be the water in which Christ's wounds had been washed, and which Joseph of Arimathæa had hidden in a secret place. It was enclosed in a crystal phial, hung on a silver chain. As Dierick knelt before the Patriarch of Jerusalem he felt unworthy of so great an honour. "I am only a rough soldier," he said, "I cannot carry so holy a thing," and he kissed the phial, and hung it round the neck of his chaplain. For two years the chaplain wore it under his clothes, until in 1150 he and Count Dierick returned to Bruges. Then a

solemn ceremony was held, and the relic was carried in procession round the ramparts of the city, and placed in the old chapel, which Baldwin of the Iron Arm had built there three hundred years earlier. It still remains in Bruges, although, to-day, a more beautiful sanctuary stands over the old chapel, and every year a great procession is held in its honour, which many visitors go to Bruges to see.

Dierick was not the only Count of Flanders who brought the city into touch with the Crusades. In the stories of Constantinople and Venice you read about the Fourth Crusade (1204), when the knights sacked the old Roman capital of the East and set an emperor of their own upon the throne. The man whom they chose was Baldwin, Count of Flanders, strong as his namesake of the Iron Arm. They called him Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, and great was the sorrow in Bruges when the people heard, shortly afterwards, that he had fallen in a siege. His daughter Joanna reigned in his stead in Flanders, but she was not loved by the citizens, who thought often and sadly of their lost count. Then a strange thing happened. Wandering in a distant Flemish forest, some woodcutters found in a tumble-down hut an old white-bearded man at prayer. One of them suddenly whispered to his companions: "It is the lost count." They journeyed to the nearest town and brought back the oldest knights and barons. One and all recognized the hermit. Had they not seen him twenty years ago, standing in the most beautiful church at Bruges, surrounded by all the flower of Flemish chivalry, while choristers sang "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered," and the old Archbishop of Tournai pinned a white linen cross to the Crusader's breast? "You are our count, returned from the dead," they cried, and the old man confessed that it was true.

Strange was the tale he told them. Sorely wounded he had been captured by the infidels and, after much suffering, had escaped with the help of a princess, whom he promised



THE BELFRY AND
GRAND PLACE.

BRUGES.

From BRUGES by J. C. M. Pike (*"Artists' Sketch-Books" Series*).

to marry if she would become a Christian. Eager to fulfil her vow, the princess sought to be baptized, but on the eve of the ceremony she died mysteriously, and it was whispered that Baldwin, who only wanted her help when he was a captive, had poisoned her. But he did not escape. Once more he was seized and seven times he was sold into slavery, until some merchants, seeing him dragging a cart like any beast of burden, heard his story and bought him and set him free. Then Baldwin, very sorrowful because of his crime, went to Rome, where the Pope condemned him to solitude as a penance for his sin.

The people believed the old man's story. They dressed him in purple, put a sceptre in his hand, and took him to Bruges. With cheering and joy the citizens welcomed him, but there was one who did not believe his tale. This was his daughter Joanna. By clever words she persuaded the sheriffs of the city to take her part, and she bought the favour of the French king with gold, so that he acknowledged her right to Flanders. The white-haired stranger, who said he was Baldwin, began to lose his friends, until at last he was betrayed by an enemy to Joanna for four hundred pieces of silver. Then Joanna set up a gibbet and hanged the old man between the bodies of two dogs. But the story of the mysterious hermit was told for many years round the hearths of Bruges, and strange legends were woven round the name of the lost count.

While these soldier counts were crusading in the East and during the years which followed, the townsmen (or burghers, as they are sometimes called) were becoming rich and prosperous, because of their trade, which had increased by leaps and bounds. If you look at the map on p. 63 you will understand why it was that Bruges became so important, for all the great trade-routes of Europe led there, just as in old times all roads led to Rome. The city was the meeting-place of merchandise from the rich lands of the East, carried overland through the Alpine passes from Venice and Genoa,

goods coming by road and river from all parts of Europe, and cargoes carried by sea southward from the Baltic or northward from the Mediterranean, or coming across the Channel from England. In those days the quays must have hummed with busy life. The Venetians had a special fleet called the Flanders galleys, which left Italian and Eastern goods at Bruges and then sailed for Southampton, carrying in their holds not only silks and spices, but the beautiful tapestry for which Bruges was famous, linens fine and coarse, hand-made laces and huge bales of skilfully woven and brightly dyed cloth. As these galleys were sailing out, others were coming in—Hansa ships from the North, bringing herrings from the Baltic, furs from Russia and timber from Scandinavia, and ships from England laden with tin and hides and wool for the clever weavers of Bruges to make into cloth. The warehouses would be stacked with French and Rhenish wines, metals from Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia, Italian brocades, and scents and pepper and spices from the East. In the market, house-wives would buy almonds, and raisins from the shores of the Mediterranean and good salt beef from England, and the children would sometimes see a monkey in a cage, or scratch the polls of red and green parrots from the sunny south. No wonder that on gala days the merchants' wives and daughters were dressed in sumptuous velvets and wore round their necks and in their caps glittering jewels from the furthestmost corners of the earth. When **Philip the Fair**, King of France, and his wife visited Bruges and hoped to make their procession through the town in triumph, the queen looked disconsolately at her own rich robes and said: "I thought that I alone was queen, but here I find six hundred others."

As the merchants grew rich, the town became larger and more beautiful. Fine churches, which are still standing, were set up, the streets were paved, the canals widened. Foreign cities and countries built houses for their consuls, and the merchants' homes were like little palaces with their

overhanging gabled roofs and great carved chimney-pieces. High above the houses rose the Belfry and the tall spires of the churches. There were guildhalls too, where merchants sat and talked about their trade, and where the many different craftsmen feasted on holidays, or made rules for those engaged in their craft. In those days trade and industry were very carefully organized. The merchants who bought and sold or set numbers of men to work in the business of cloth-making, and the craftsmen who sat in their little workshops and made gloves, or arrows, or knives, or whatever it might be, had for their own protection formed themselves into societies or guilds. Each craft had its own guild, with special rules and a special hall where its members could meet, and the chief man in each was called a dean. The most important guilds in Bruges were those connected with the cloth industry, from the great merchants who sold the cloth to the weavers, fullers, shearers, and dyers who all played their part in making it.

As cloth-making was the most important work of the town, the guilds made very careful rules so that the best results should be obtained. They forbade the washing of wool and cotton together, and the mixing of wools of different colours, and the stretching of cloth while it was wet to make it longer. When the work was completed, each piece of cloth had to be carefully tested and a seal stamped upon it to show that it was good, and the result was that wherever Bruges cloth was sent it was accepted without question. A guildsman once forged the Bruges mark on cloth of bad quality and he was driven from the guild and banished for three years on pain of death. The citizens were proud of their reputation and would not have bad work sent out of the country.

Now although Bruges was a prosperous city, it was not always happy. When the burghers became more powerful and important they had asked the counts to give them a charter allowing them to manage their own affairs, and in

return for a large sum of money, the counts had agreed to their request. Unhappily the counts did not always keep their promises, and on one occasion, in 1280, when a fire destroyed the Belfry where the town charters were kept, Count Guy, who was jealous of the burghers' power, refused to renew the charter, which had been burnt. The quarrel between the burghers and the count was watched with great interest by the King of France. You will remember that, centuries before, the French king had granted the Flemish lands to Baldwin of the Iron Arm. Then the land was poor and of little value, now with its rich and beautiful cities it was a temptation to the king. When the citizens of Bruges quarrelled with their count the King of France seized the opportunity to interfere. He threw the count into prison, and declaring his dominions forfeit, annexed them to France, so that Bruges and the other cloth-making cities of Flanders came under French rule and were heavily taxed by the French king.

The independent burghers disliked the oppressive government of the French king even more than that of their own count, but for a time they were terrified into submission. Then there arose among them a little wizened man, one-eyed and crooked, who urged them to rebel. His name was **Peter de Coninck**, and his monument in the market-place near the Belfry is covered every year with flowers in memory of his courage. He was the dean of the great guild of weavers in the city. He called together the leaders of the twenty-five other guilds to support him, and urged the crowd of citizens, who had gathered in the market-place, to refuse to pay the new taxes. He was put in prison, but at night the angry people stormed the prison gates and let him out. De Coninck fled to Ghent and other neighbouring cities, begging them to come to the help of Bruges, but they turned a deaf ear to him.

While he was away the French governor and his soldiers appeared at the walls of Bruges and demanded entrance, and the burghers, who were not strong enough without help to

stand against him, agreed to allow him to enter if he would bring with him only three hundred soldiers. The governor agreed, but he broke his word and entered the town with two thousand knights and soldiers behind him. Then the burghers, fearing that the soldiers, who kept on their armour and never unbuckled their swords, had planned to destroy them, made a secret plot to massacre the French. They chose three words, which only a Fleming could pronounce correctly, as their password, and set out to kill any man who could not say them. A peal of bells was their signal, and at dawn they burst into the streets, opened the gates to let in de Coninck and slew every Frenchman whom they could find. The unhappy governor escaped, dressed as a clerk, but he left the streets strewn with the dead bodies of his soldiers. This terrible massacre was called the **Bruges Matins**, and the King of France, enraged with the burghers, led an army of his strongest knights against the city. But the king was no match for the citizens. In the battle between them so great was the slaughter of the French that the golden spurs wrenched from their heels by the victors could be weighed by the bushel, and men ever afterwards called the fight the **Battle of the Golden Spurs** (1302).

After so bitter a struggle, the burghers of Bruges looked with an unfriendly eye upon the French rulers, and were suspicious of their own counts, who had made up their quarrel with the kings. When the long war, called the Hundred Years' War, broke out in 1336 between England and France, the French king persuaded the Flemish count to order trade between England and Flanders to stop, and all Englishmen in Flanders to be put in prison. But the Flemish cities did not at all want to take part in the struggle between France and England, for without English wool the cloth industry could not be carried on, and without the cloth industry the cities would be ruined. Bruges and Ghent and Ypres joined together under the leadership of **James van Artevelde**, a burgher of Ghent, and made their count and

the French king promise that Flanders should be a neutral in the war. But when the king broke his promise the Flemish cities joined the King of England, Edward III., against France, and at Sluys, near Bruges, in 1340 was fought one of the chief battles of the war, when the English fleet from early morning until sunset attacked the French fleet and destroyed it.

Now while the long Hundred Years' War was still dragging on, the last count of Flanders died in 1384, leaving no son to succeed him, but only a young daughter who had married the Duke of Burgundy, and so Flanders passed into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy. These Dukes were powerful and ambitious men. They were determined to be masters in their dominions. The burghers of Bruges were equally determined to govern themselves, as their ancient charters allowed them to do. There were constant quarrels between the city and the dukes, until at last **Duke Philip**, who was called "the Good," brought the citizens to their knees. After a long siege, when Bruges was cut off from the sea, and could not get food for her citizens, famine and disease forced her to give in. With bare heads and shoeless feet the burgomaster (mayor) and other officials knelt before Philip and gave him the keys of the city. The burgomaster was put to the torture, and his son slain before his eyes. In the market-place fifty-two of the chief citizens were beheaded, and a heavy fine was levied on the town. But Philip, though he punished the burghers so cruelly, was proud of the city, and after he had made himself master he planned to make it even more beautiful and wealthy than it had been before. Trade, which always suffers in war-time, revived again, the quays were once more heaped high with merchandise, and we are told that a hundred-and-fifty ships sailed into the harbour in a single day. The duke encouraged great artists to paint beautiful pictures; strangers were invited to visit the city, and magnificent tournaments and fêtes were given in their honour.

The next duke was called **Charles the Bold**, and when he died in 1477 he left only a daughter to succeed him. Her name was Mary, and the people of Flanders adored her, but her husband, **Maximilian of Austria**, cared for his new subjects only because they were rich and he could squeeze money from them. The young duchess died when she was only twenty-five, and Maximilian quarrelled with the citizens, took away the few rights they had left, and taxed them so heavily that many merchants fled from Bruges. The great days of the city were over, and it grew less and less important. Other causes, some of which Bruges could not help, hastened its decline. Across the Channel in England, Englishmen were making cloth as good and as fine as Flemish cloth, and wanted English wool at home; the cloth-makers of Bruges found themselves short of wool, and found too that their customers were now as pleased to buy English cloth as cloth with the mark of Bruges. In the late years of the fifteenth century, too, new trade-routes and new worlds were being discovered. **Columbus** had sailed to the West Indies, and **Cabot** to America. **Vasco da Gama** had doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But Bruges did not attract the new trade to her port, for while other trading cities were lowering their duties so as to encourage merchants to trade with them, Bruges still went on making them pay high fees. Worst of all, the silt and mud in the Zwyn were making the river so shallow that it was more and more difficult every year for big ships to bring their cargoes up to Bruges, and merchants preferred to go to Antwerp, which asked no high duties, and was easily reached. Bruges was no longer the great mart of Western Europe, to which all roads led. The "Venice of the North" lost its leadership about the same time as the Venice of the South.

Let us take one more peep at the city before we leave it. In the middle of the sixteenth century Flanders was ruled by the great grandson of Maximilian and Mary, whose name was **Philip** and who was **King of Spain**. He was a very

strong Roman Catholic, and when the Protestants and Roman Catholics were fighting for their religion, Philip commanded his governors in Flanders to crush the Protestants so that their religion should not spread in his dominions. The **Duke of Alva** was sent by the King to Flanders to carry out his orders, and so harsh and cruel was he that thousands of men were executed and thousands more fled from the country and took refuge in England, where they taught the English weavers to make many new and finer kinds of cloth. It seemed as if nothing would be left of the rich cities with their sturdy and independent burghers, for the Spanish soldiers carried destruction with them. Then, when things were at their worst and the Spaniards were victorious everywhere on land, some young and brave men of Bruges, remembering how much the sea and the river had helped the city in the past, made up their minds to defend Flanders on the sea. The **Sea Beggars**, as they were called, made such a valiant stand against the Spanish soldiers, that they put fresh heart into the Dutch and Flemings, and when later on, after a long and bitter struggle, King Philip was defeated, men saw how much they owed to the Sea Beggars of Bruges as well as to the brave men who fought him on land. You will read what happened during these wars in the story of Amsterdam.

This was the last great deed of the city of Bruges. It became a sleepy little old-fashioned town, watching helplessly while Flanders changed masters, passing from Spain to Austria and from Austria to France and from France to Holland, until at last in the nineteenth century it became an independent kingdom with a king of its own and was called Belgium. In 1914, when the Great War began, Belgium with fine courage did its best to prevent the German troops from passing through it to France, for the European nations had promised that it should not be mixed up in any wars, nor used as a road for armies to march through. But the Belgians were not strong enough to withstand the Germans

when they insisted on invading Belgium on their way to France. Then Bruges and the other Flemish cities once again saw foreign soldiers overrun their country, and once again suffered the hardships and cruelties of war, for much of the fighting in the Great War took place on Belgian soil. Bruges was, happily, unharmed, but some of the other cities, including Ypres, were almost destroyed.

To-day some of its prosperity is returning to the city. It is beginning to look more like other modern towns. But those who love the old town and all that it once stood for, can still find there the city of their dreams, for

“In Bruges town is many a street,
Whence busy life hath fled,
Where without hurry noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.”

Bruges, like “a beautiful fossil of the Middle Ages,” still has its gabled houses and narrow cobbled streets, but if you go there you will look in vain for the velvet-gowned merchant princes and the burghers’ wives in their silks and jewels who were as grand as the Queen of France, and the weavers and shearers and dyers with blue-stained fingers. The river Zwyn, which brought the foreign merchandise, has long since dried up, and the busy market-place with its famous Belfry seems to have fallen asleep.

AMSTERDAM

THERE are three cities in Europe which stand upon canals, and grew great in the past out of the trade which came to them by land and water. You have already heard about two of these, Venice and Bruges. We must now speak of the third, the city of Amsterdam in Holland. Through it, too, flow the slow, dark waters of canals, lined on either side by trees and narrow roadways, and spanned by many bridges. Black and brown houses with gabled roofs overlook the canals, and the spires of old churches stretch towards the sky. There are broad streets, too, full of shops, and busy people pass up and down. Everywhere there is an air of prosperity and happiness.

This city is called Amsterdam, because it is built round the dam which stops the River **Amstel** on its course to the Zuyder Zee. All over Holland there are dams and canals like these, for the story of the Dutch is the story of a struggle against the sea, which was forever destroying what the people were trying to build. Even the Zuyder Zee was once a tract of land, and now its waters flow over drowned towns and villages. But, to-day, although Amsterdam is so near to the sea, it is safe, for the Dutch have learned the secret of keeping back the water by dams and dykes; and although the city is built upon marshy ground, it is strong, for it stands upon thick wooden girders, laid across piles driven over fifty feet into the black mud, which, after many years, have become as hard as stone.

Seven hundred years ago, Amsterdam was only a little fishing village, which had to pay tribute to the lords of the surrounding district. But it was the birthplace of hardy

seamen, who braved many a storm, and were as at home upon the water as they were in the little village near the dam. After a while, the village grew bigger, and was given a charter, so that people began to look upon it as an important town. And because it was built upon a navigable river, and did good trade in fishing, it became more and more prosperous, until the sixteenth century was reached, when Amsterdam was a flourishing city, the capital of the Dutch provinces.

At this time the countries, now called Holland and Belgium, were usually called the Netherlands, and were made up of a number of provinces, which belonged to the Spanish king, **Philip II.** In the story about Bruges you heard a little about the Southern provinces. In this story you shall hear what happened to the Northern or Dutch provinces, which are to-day called Holland.

You will remember how Philip II. was determined to stamp out the Protestant faith in his dominions. There were a great many Protestants in the Netherlands, especially in the Northern provinces, and so Philip sent there a governor, whose name struck terror into every Protestant heart. This was the **Duke of Alva.**

With a flourish of trumpets and a waving of flags the duke entered Amsterdam as his headquarters. Now, at that time, most of the citizens were Protestants, although all the nobles, magistrates and powerful burghers were Roman Catholics. With the cruel duke and his spies in their midst there was small use in the Protestants' rebelling. Day after day they heard stories of the duke's cruelty. They even saw their own neighbours haled before the **Spanish Inquisition**, a terrible court which punished without remorse those who denied the old faith. In the market-places men were burned at the stake. In the prisons they were put to the torture, and outside the town Spanish soldiers guarded the places where people were hanged or buried alive.

For six years the Duke of Alva's government filled everyone with terror and anger. Amsterdam, with so many



THE LITTLE STREET.

W. F. Mansell.

From the picture by Jan Vermeer of Delft.

powerful Roman Catholics in its midst, could only look on, hoping wearily for better days. But there were other cities which were determined to destroy the power of their governor. They had a leader, a young nobleman called **William of Orange**, whom they had nicknamed "the Silent." William collected an army. Year after year he fought against the duke; often he was beaten in battle, and yet he never seemed to be conquered. The people believed in him, and so his power increased. As time passed, town after town, both in the Northern and in the Southern provinces, revolted against the duke. Cruel punishments followed, but the people bravely struggled, until at last King Philip saw that the Duke of Alva was not the best governor for the Netherlands, and recalled him.

Strange days followed in Amsterdam. Everywhere there was suppressed excitement. "The duke is going," whispered the people. They dared not show their joy, but peeped from behind their curtained windows and watched the Spanish dons riding out of the city. One day they heard a herald in the square, blowing a trumpet and reading a proclamation. The Duke of Alva was sending a message. All citizens, to whom he and his suite owed money, were to come and present their claims at a certain hour on a special day when they would be paid. "Ah," thought the people of Amsterdam. "He is a tyrant, but he is honourable," and they made up their accounts and went to bed, meaning to be up betimes with their bills. On the appointed day they met in the square, and waited outside the council chamber. A few soldiers guarded the gates, but the place seemed strangely silent. The duke's house, too, seemed very quiet. Hour after hour the people waited, but they waited in vain. Without sound of trumpet or waving of flags the duke and his suite had quietly stolen from the city while the good burghers were in bed, and those who had trusted a tyrant's honour were left looking ruefully at their unpaid bills.

After this Philip sent wiser governors to the Netherlands,

but still the war went on. At last the Southern provinces, which were for the most part Roman Catholic, grew weary of struggling, and decided to go back to Philip, who gave them good terms. But the seven Protestant provinces of the North knew that they would never get freedom of worship, and so they refused to go back ; they formed themselves into a Union, and declared that Philip was no longer their king.

Amsterdam was still the capital city, but it was in a difficult position. Most of the citizens were Protestants, but the town was full of monks, who lived in a monastery near the market, and all the councillors, the magistrates, and the burgomaster (mayor) were Roman Catholics, and they were the people who had power over the town. After much trouble they were persuaded to acknowledge William as their governor, but all the time they were plotting to overthrow him. This meant that those who had no power were true to William, but those who were all-powerful were conspiring against him. What was to be done ? Nobody knew, and everyone was very uncomfortable, until a certain Bardez made a plan.

One night he brought a ship up the river, and left it at anchor. In the houses of his friends he hid a number of soldiers, and the following morning went to the council chamber to speak to the magistrates. Before they knew what he was about, he stepped on to the balcony and solemnly removed his hat. No sooner had he done this than a soldier rushed into the square, crying : " Good people ! good people ! All who love the Prince of Orange, take heart and follow me." In a minute the square was alive with soldiers and citizens. Then the business of the day began. Every nook and cranny of the city was searched. Every magistrate and monk was seized and hustled through the town to the river where the ship was waiting.

" To the gibbet !" shouted the soldiers.

" To the gallows, to the hangman !" cried the citizens.

"Go where you have sent many an innocent man. To the gibbet, the gibbet!"

The frightened monks and magistrates were thrust on to the ship. The poor old burgomaster, thinking he was going to be drowned, sent his love to his wife, and the two clean shirts with which the thoughtful woman had provided him. "Tell her I shall not need them," he said, wiping his eyes.

A signal was given and the ship drifted out of sight, while the laughing Amsterdamers waved their handkerchiefs. The kidnapped Roman Catholics were not drowned, but were left high and dry upon a dyke, and were not allowed to return to their city for many years. By that time they had lost their power, for Holland had become definitely Protestant.

At last the struggle came to an end, and Philip had to admit that he was beaten. In 1609, ten years after his death, a truce was made between Spain and the United Provinces, and some years later Spain acknowledged their independence. The seven Northern provinces became known as the **Dutch Republic**, and Amsterdam was now the capital of an independent state.

For the next hundred years the story of Amsterdam is a tale of success and adventure, of glory in the market-places, on the high seas, and in the paths of art and letters. The Dutch Republic, or Holland as we now call it, had come to its Golden Age.

Yearly, life became more interesting, the city wealthier, and the people happier, and then a wonderful day dawned, when a thrill of excitement ran through Amsterdam. Every seaman's heart beat wildly. Even the magistrates talked of adventure, and the eyes of every merchant sparkled with pleasure. What was the cause of all this enthusiasm? Only a book. But *what* a book. It had been written by a Dutchman whose name was **Linschoten**. As a boy, the young Linschoten, weary of the quiet life which he spent in Holland, had run away, joining a number of Portuguese,

who, in those days, were the greatest travellers in the world. In their service he had made many a journey, and had lived for thirteen years in India, the coveted Eastern land where Spaniard and Portuguese were growing rich. And now he had come home and had written a book. He told about the harbours, the winds and the tides, the trade in silk and scent and jewels, the islands where the costly spices grew. Maps and charts showed where he had been, and now the Dutch could read for themselves all that knowledge which Spaniard and Portuguese had kept as a secret from the rest of Europe. Never was a city more excited than Amsterdam. What Spaniard and Portuguese had done the Dutch could also do. They were ripe for adventure. Might they not steal a march upon their enemies and find another route to the East, or better still a new, rich country? In those days people believed that if they sailed to the North-East, breaking through the barriers of ice and snow, they would reach India or China, or come to a land of perpetual spring. Spaniard and Portuguese sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and South America. Dutchmen would try a new way and make an expedition through the polar seas.

The bold adventurers set out. Linschoten, himself, commanded two vessels, but the ship which Amsterdam had built was captained by one of her own seamen, **Barents**. Eagerly the citizens saw them off and eagerly awaited their return. They came back with tales of polar bears and walruses, but they did not reach China. Barents tried again and failed. But the men of Amsterdam had stout hearts. They, whose ancestors had braved the waves in fishing boats, who had fought the sea with dykes and sluices, were not to be discouraged by ice and snow, and once again two ships were manned and sailed away with Barents. The citizens cheered them. So far, their mission was unfulfilled, but they had brought honour to their town by the charts and maps, which they had made. Dutchmen had now the reputation of being the best map-makers in Europe. But, alas,

for these brave explorers. Further and further north they sailed, until they reached a point which they called Spitsbergen. Then the terrible Arctic winter set in. The sun ceased to shine, and the cold was almost unbearable. Barents died, and seventeen months passed before an exhausted party was welcomed back to Amsterdam.

"There is no North-East passage," they said.

But their friends comforted them. "Be of good cheer," they answered, "our people are even now in India," and they took the disappointed seamen home and showed them little quantities of spice which other adventurers had sent from India. While Barents and his comrades had been seeking the North-East passage, other Dutchmen had left their native cities, followed the Portuguese round the Cape of Good Hope (1595), and begun to trade there themselves. Very soon the merchants and shipowners joined together and founded what was called the **Dutch East India Company**. They needed money and merchandise for new ships and trade, and Amsterdam, proudest of all Dutch cities, supplied half the money.

Now, indeed, times began to change. The markets were full of spices, for the Dutch East India Company drove the Spaniards from the spice islands, captured the Moluccas, and founded Batavia in the Island of Java, which to this day is the headquarters of the big colonial empire belonging to that little country of Holland. With extraordinary rapidity the Dutch East India Company had become an empire, making conquests, getting money by taxation, having an Eastern government with rulers and subjects.

Very soon the Dutch controlled nearly all the Eastern trade. They doubled and redoubled the price of pepper which every nation desired. Money poured into their coffers, and the dockyards of Amsterdam were filled with vessels, and the shipping yards echoed with the sound of hammer and anvil, plied by busy artisans making new ships. Then Amsterdam looked West. Ship after ship sailed to America and the West Indies, bringing more treasure to Amsterdam

markets, for the Dutch made a sugar colony in Guiana and conquered Northern Brazil from the Portuguese. Soon they had tobacco and cotton plantations. They looked towards Africa too, and by the middle of the seventeenth century the Guinea and the Gold Coasts were theirs.

Amsterdam was now the greatest market in Europe, richer and more splendid than Venice and Bruges in the Middle Ages. Dutch ships were the carriers of the Western world. They stored in their holds fish from the British seas ; cargoes of tobacco, sugar, and cotton from the West Indies ; spices, scents, and silks from the East, and they exchanged them for the food-stuffs of other countries. And because the ships were laden with riches, the factories hummed with busy workers, boiling sugar, dyeing cloth, distilling scents, and making pottery. In the little Dutch shops Eastern jewels were cut and polished. Even to-day if you go to Amsterdam you will see the workers cutting diamonds, their clever hands manipulating fine instruments, the nails of their little fingers left long and used as scoops.

Not only had Amsterdam itself grown greater, but the open country all round the town had changed. The land had been recovered from the sea by drainage. The finest cattle in the world grazed in the fields. The Dutch were clever farmers and gardeners. Flowers and vegetables grew in abundance on the rich soil. Turnips and winter roots were cultivated and used as fodder. It was from Holland that England learned how to drain her fens and improve her agriculture.

In commerce and farming Holland reigned supreme, but there was another side to her glory. She had always welcomed refugees, who were persecuted in their own countries. Many of these people were clever craftsmen and great thinkers, and their skill and wisdom added to the country's fame. Very soon Holland became the centre of art, science, learning, and music. The shops of Amsterdam sold books so beautifully printed that every scholar longed to possess them. Dutch artists sold their pictures in the

open market, and their school of painting with all its delicacy and detail became an example for other nations. Dutch engravers made the most perfect maps and the finest mathematical and nautical instruments. The merchants, skilled in business all over the world, understood money matters, and in Amsterdam a bank was started which served as a model for the Bank of England. And so with her busy merchants, shipbuilders, farmers and bankers, scholars and painters, Holland was one of the greatest Powers in Europe.

But this Golden Age did not last long, and the end of the seventeenth century found Holland on the downward path. She was becoming exhausted by continual warfare. As the merchant-vessels sailed into Amsterdam, carrying the wealth of nations in their holds, warships sailed out, bearing away the flower of Holland's manhood. First there had been the struggle for freedom against Spain, then a short time of peace, when Amsterdam grew rich; then a fight against England, and then two weary wars against France and her king, Louis XIV. Once Louis came so near to Amsterdam that the people opened the dykes and flooded the city till he was driven back.

The second war against France was a hard struggle for Holland. It was called the **War of the Spanish Succession**. The Spanish king had died, leaving his crown to the French king's grandson. Holland and several other countries were afraid that if the Spanish and French crowns were united France would become too strong, and so they formed an alliance, and fought against her (1701-1718).

One of the allies was England, and in these days Amsterdam saw many an English soldier in the market-place, and heard the English tongue as often as the Dutch. There was a bond of union between the two countries. A Dutch prince, **William of Orange**, descendant of that William the Silent who had won Holland's independence, had married Mary, the daughter of the English king, James II., and now sat upon the English throne. William did not want France to become too strong, and helped Holland to fight against her.

After a long war the French were beaten, but little good came to Holland. She was tired out. Her glory slowly departed, and she was never again a strong Power.

Little by little, the ships which came to and from Amsterdam grew fewer in number, and old-fashioned. Although Holland still kept her spice islands, less treasure came to Amsterdam from the East, for English merchants had become her rivals. Europe turned away from Amsterdam. The city was no longer the market of the world. It was nothing more than the capital of a brave little country, whose glory had been lost in its struggles for freedom.

As time passed Amsterdam saw other changes. In the nineteenth century, when Napoleon was busy trying to conquer the world, Holland, still weak and small, became subject to him. The French walked about the streets of Amsterdam, and the Dutch had to send money and troops to help Napoleon.

Again, times changed. Napoleon was exiled to the distant island of St. Helena. The Great Powers of Europe met in council to decide the fate of the smaller countries. Holland was made bigger, and was given the Southern provinces of the Netherlands, which we now call Belgium, and a king from her own House of Orange. If you look at an atlas to-day, you will see that this was not the last change. Holland is now smaller, for the country of Belgium has become a separate kingdom, with its own ruler; but tucked away in the East are the Dutch foreign possessions, a colonial empire which her busy people are quietly developing.

Although Amsterdam is no longer the glorious city of the seventeenth century, it is still a great capital. Old merchant-houses stand on either side of the canals, relics of the past. Famous pictures, with their old beauty untouched by time, hang in the museums for all to see; and one can still say, as Voltaire, a great French writer, said long ago: "Among all who live in Amsterdam there is not a single man who is idle."

PARIS

ON the River Seine, which flows through France, there is a city called Paris. Many people think it is the loveliest town in the world. Broad streets lead to the river, green trees grow along the quays. There are beautiful churches and museums, parks and gardens full of flowers. This city was once a little village, built upon an island by a tribe of Gauls called the **Parisii**.

The Parisii were skilled traders and ship-builders, and their little village was prosperous. But when Gaul was conquered by the Romans, and the Parisii forgot their native customs and became Roman subjects, the little settlement was rebuilt and fortified, and soon became one of the most important towns in the whole country. For five hundred years it prospered under Roman law and order, and then times changed. The Roman Empire began to weaken, and the land of Gaul was gradually conquered by a German race called the Franks. Paris saw many a change, for by the year 508 it had become the capital of a Frankish realm.

These Franks were great warriors. In less than three hundred years they were masters of Western Europe. If you look at the map on p. 109 you will see that their greatest ruler, **Charlemagne** (768-814), had a very large empire. Charlemagne was followed by weak men, and by degrees his great empire was divided. The Western lands became a separate kingdom, called France after the Franks, and Paris was its capital.

But while this was happening the people were fighting against a great danger which came from the sea. The Norsemen, who lived round the Baltic, and loved to pillage

all rich towns, came to France. A story is told of Charlemagne, who was one day looking out to sea when their great black ships appeared on the horizon. Tears trickled down his cheeks, and he turned to his courtiers and said: "Know ye wherefore I weep? I fear not these miserable pirates, but I grieve that they should dare to approach these shores, for I foresee the evil which they will work upon my sons and my people."

Not long after the great emperor's death, the Norsemen raided the country again and again. Poor Paris was sacked three times. In vain the unhappy citizens built fortresses to protect it. The raiders only came again. The square sails and dragon-headed prows made their ships look like winged monsters. They were so many that the waters of the Seine were hidden for several miles. The people defended their city valiantly. Arrows and javelins whistled through the air. Stones were hurled over the walls, boiling pitch and lighted torches flung down upon the enemy. The long, fair hair of some of the Norsemen caught fire.

"Leap into the river, and your locks will grow again," shouted some of the Parisians.

"See that ye be better combed, next time," cried others.

The terrible siege lasted for three years, with only a few intervals. New words were added to the Litany, and people prayed: "From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord, deliver us!" At last a truce was signed, and peace returned to Paris. But the people of France never forgot the Norsemen. A strip of the French coast was surrendered to them, and given the name of Normandy. From this piece of land a new line of kings, in time, went forth to rule in England, Naples, and Sicily.

The rulers who came after Charlemagne had been too weak to fight against the Norsemen without help. In the Story of Bruges you read how they had given lands to their great lords, in return for which the lords promised to fight for them. This had been happening all over France, so that

the country was divided into a number of estates owned by dukes and counts.

In the tenth century, the last of Charlemagne's successors in the West was a weakling, nick-named "the Good-for-Nothing." When he died, the nobles of Northern France said that they would not have another of his family as a ruler, but chose the Duke of Paris as their overlord. The name of this duke was **Hugh Capet**. He began a line of kings which lasted for over eight hundred years.

The first Capets did not rule very peacefully. Paris was surrounded by the estates of powerful nobles, who became so independent and arrogant, that the French kings were often obliged to make war upon them. There were other enemies, too, whom the French lords sometimes helped. These were the English kings, who were descended from the Normans and owned Normandy in the North of France and other lands, brought to them as dowries by their French wives. Many a year the French kings fought against the English, and people thought there would never be peace, until one summer evening a little prince was born in Paris.

A great light seemed to shine over the city that day, and an Englishman, who was living there, roused by the glare and the sound of joy-bells, looked out of his window.

"What means this light, and why do the bells ring?" he asked.

"To-night," was the answer, "God has given us a prince by whose hand your king shall suffer shame and misfortune."

This prophecy was right. The prince, whose name was **Philip** (1180-1223), became king, and he not only subdued the great French nobles, but he fought for and won many of the English possessions in France. When he had begun to reign, his realm was scarcely more than a little ring of land round an island in the Seine. When he died, he left France a powerful kingdom, and his people gave him the title of Augustus, like the first Roman emperor about whom you read in Story II. If Philip had been able to take a peep into



PARIS : CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

From PARIS by Eugène B  jot ("*Artists' Sketch-Books*" Series).

the future he would have seen the English lose all their French lands except a little piece round Calais. But this only happened after a terrible struggle, which lasted so long that people called it the **Hundred Years' War** (1337-1453).

The citizens of Paris were grateful to Philip not only because he brought them peace, but because he improved their city. He began to pave the narrow streets which had always been so muddy. He built bridges across the river, and made strong, new walls, fortified by nearly five hundred towers. In the walls there were twenty-five gates, and outside was a castle surrounded by a moat. This castle was called the **Louvre**. The king used it as a palace, and kept his prisoners in its dungeons. A part of it forms a wing of the present Louvre, which is no longer a palace but one of the finest art galleries in the world.

Within the city the streets were crooked and narrow and the houses close together, just as they were in the London of long ago. Yet Paris was beautiful because of its churches and monasteries. The church of **Notre-Dame** (Our Lady), which is still one of the city's greatest treasures, brooded over the little Paris of those days like a guardian angel. Around it there were other churches with graceful towers and slender pillars, and through their carved doors monks passed in long white or black robes.

Paris was so beautiful in Philip's day that a stranger who visited it, wrote: "As the moon surpasses the stars in brightness, so does this city, the seat of kings, raise her proud head above all other cities."

Had he lived a little later he would have seen an even lovelier Paris. A gentle, pious king sat on the throne. People called him **St. Louis**, because of his goodness and his love of the poor. Sometimes he would walk about the gardens round his palace and he would hear the people calling: "Justice, justice, O King." Then he would have a carpet spread under a tree and would sit listening to complaints and giving judgment. He founded so many abbeys

and religious houses that an old writer said: "Even as a scribe, who has written his book, illuminates it with gold and silver, so did the king illumine his kingdom with the great quantity of the houses of God that he built."

One of the fairest churches which St. Louis gave to Paris was the **Sainte-Chapelle** (Holy Chapel). In the story of Jerusalem you read about the Crusades. King Louis had fought in the **Seventh Crusade** (1248), and everything which came from Jerusalem was very precious to him. One day he heard some sad news. The Crown of Thorns, which was said to have been placed upon the head of Jesus as he hung, dying, on the Cross, had been carefully kept by the Emperor of Constantinople, that same **Baldwin** about whom you read in the Story of Bruges. The emperor was poor and had fallen into debt, and, because he wanted money, he pledged the Crown of Thorns. Horrified at this sacrilege, St. Louis paid the debt, and brought the precious relic back to Paris.

Barefooted and dressed in a simple white tunic, the king walked at the head of a procession of clergy and nobles, carrying the Crown of Thorns enclosed in three caskets, one of wood, one of silver, and one of gold. Solemnly and to the sound of sacred music the relic was borne to the Church of Notre-Dame, where it remained until the beautiful Sainte-Chapelle, with its delicate spire and exquisite carving, was ready to receive it.

Meanwhile, Paris was becoming as famous for its learning as for its beauty. In Roman days it had had this reputation, but when Frank and Norseman ravaged the country valuable manuscripts were destroyed, and people had so little time to study that the old learning was almost forgotten. Yet there were some who could still read Latin, and who did their best to keep alive the little learning which remained. These were the monks. They taught all who came to them how to read, and they busily copied any manuscript which had been preserved. People who wanted to learn went to the monasteries, travelling about from place to place, and

because there were many monasteries and religious houses in Paris, the city gradually became a seat of learning, and schools were founded.

People flocked from far and near to hear the teachers, and sometimes the scholars were so poor that they had to beg their bread in the streets. At first, although there were schools, there were no colleges for the more advanced subjects. The masters hired rooms, where students of many nationalities gathered together and listened eagerly. Many of these wandering scholars who had come from foreign lands looked so ill with starvation, and wore such miserable, threadbare garments, that pious people built hostels for them. Little by little, these hostels grew into colleges. The great **Sorbonne**, famous still for its learning, began as a little hostel, built in the thirteenth century for thirteen poor scholars of theology. Gradually these hostels or colleges increased, until they had organized themselves into a body of masters and scholars, which became known as the **University**.

So famous did Paris become for its learning that a bishop who visited it in the fourteenth century called it the "Paradise of the World," and wrote of its delightful libraries "more aromatic than stores of spicery" and its "luxuriant parks of all manner of volumes." If you remember that every one of these books was written by hand, you will understand how great was the love of learning.

The works which scholars and masters studied were all written in Latin, but in the fifteenth century something far more wonderful came to Europe.

Do you remember reading about Constantinople, and how there were many Greek scholars in the city who studied and copied the works of the old Greek thinkers? Do you remember, too, how the Turks threatened to capture the city, so that the frightened scholars gradually fled to the West, carrying with them some of the manuscripts? By the time Constantinople had fallen (1453) many manuscripts had been carried into safety, and the beautiful language and

literature of Ancient Greece began to spread through Europe, until it was being studied in every university. People called it the "new learning," but you who have read the Story of Athens know that it was the old Greek wisdom which the West had lost for so many centuries.

The invention of printing helped the teaching to spread rapidly, for people were able to buy books instead of copying them by hand. This "new learning" seemed to bring new life into the world. It was as though the breath of spring had touched each country and made it blossom afresh. New writers, artists, and builders arose, and Paris, falling under the spell, became more beautiful than ever. Europe was reborn, and that is why we call this period the **Renaissance**, which is a French word for rebirth.

But in the midst of all this beauty, trouble was brewing. The stories of Rome, Bruges, and Amsterdam told you about a great religious movement called the **Reformation**, when many people broke away from the old teaching of the priests and refused to acknowledge the Pope as the head of the Church. Those who remained true to the Pope were called Roman Catholics. In France, those who followed the new ideas were known as **Huguenots**.

In Paris, as you have seen, there were many priests and monks, and so the greater number of citizens were true to the old faith. This meant that the poor Huguenots were cruelly persecuted. Indeed, the hatred of Roman Catholic for Huguenot grew so deep that, at last, one side took up arms against the other, and the whole country was torn by a religious war in which other nations joined.

One day in 1572 a terrible plot was hatched. The Roman Catholics made up their minds to rid Paris of the Huguenots. The leaders met in secret to prepare their plans. They armed every Roman Catholic, and warned him to wear a white scarf round his left arm and a white cross in his cap. When all was ready a bell suddenly began to boom. It was two o'clock in the morning of St. Bartholomew's day.

All was dark. The unsuspecting Huguenots went into the streets to see what was happening, and were killed before they could escape. The Roman Catholic leaders galloped up and down on their horses, shouting orders. All day and all night, the next day and the next night, the streets of Paris were red with blood. Men, women, and children were dragged from their beds and pitilessly murdered. Huguenot nobles were shot down and their homes pillaged.

The **Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day** did not mend matters. For twenty years the civil war raged until at last a wise king came to the throne. His name was **Henry of Navarre** (1589-1610). Henry was a Huguenot, but France was very dear to him, and he knew that the country needed peace. He knew, too, that France, and particularly Paris, were largely Roman Catholic, and he thought: "If I am to bring peace, I must choose between my religion and my country." His eyes strayed towards the beautiful capital which had suffered so much, and he said with a smile: "Paris is well worth a Mass." So he kissed the Archbishop's ring, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Clad in crimson velvet embroidered in gold, with his white-plumed hat in his hand, Henry rode into Paris, and was welcomed with shouts of joy. Because of his former faith, the Huguenots knew that he would never allow them to be harmed, and because he had become a Roman Catholic, the Roman Catholics knew that they, too, were safe.

Time passed and Paris slowly changed. The walls and city gates were pulled down so that the town could expand. Bridges were built connecting the city with other islands. New roads were made, and the Louvre, no longer the old castle of Philip Augustus, was enlarged and remodelled. But a time came when this fine old palace was neglected and the work left unfinished. A king was reigning, then, who wanted a far more beautiful building, where he could live in the greatest magnificence, surrounded by pomp and splendour.

This king was **Louis XIV.** (1643-1715). Outside the city,

in **Versailles**, he had a wonderful palace built. The lofty hall was filled with mirrors, which reflected the flattering courtiers, who bowed before their master, calling him King Sun. Fountains played in the gardens, rare trees were planted, and beautiful flowers bloomed. Paintings, statues, and costly furniture adorned the rooms. The ceilings, supported by pillars, were carved and painted. To-day, those who visit the palace are still filled with wonder at its magnificence.

But all this luxury made Paris and the rest of France very unhappy. The poor people and peasants were discontented, and began to wonder why the king and his nobles should live in such splendour, while they, themselves, were starving. They wondered, too, why they should be burdened with heavy taxes, which the nobles and clergy did not have to pay. As time passed, they grew more unhappy, and the taxes increased, because King Louis plunged the country into so many wars.

Louis XIV.'s heir made matters worse, for he, too, dragged France into new wars, and raised the taxes. Angry clouds were gathering, and at last, in the reign of **Louis XVI.** (1774-1792), the storm burst.

The people, weary of wars, and tired of the unfair taxation and a government in which they had no voice, forced the king to give them a parliament. This parliament was called the **National Assembly** (1787). It was the beginning of representative government in France, for it allowed the tradesmen and professional classes to have a voice in making the laws, instead of leaving all in the hands of the king, the nobles, and the clergy.

But the nobles were very much afraid that the National Assembly would deprive them of power, and they tried to influence the king against it, saying that it would bring disorder, and that the king had better gather together his guards in case of trouble. The citizens of Paris saw the soldiers mustering, and thinking that they were going to

march against the town, were roused to fury. They rushed upon the great fortress, which was called the **Bastille**, killed the guards, stormed the gates, and released the prisoners.

"This is a revolt," said the king, when he heard the news.

"Sire," replied one of his nobles, "it is a revolution."

Shortly afterwards there was more trouble. The king was at Versailles holding a banquet to welcome a new battalion of soldiers. The news spread. Paris was starving and Versailles feasting. "To Versailles! Forward," shouted the market women, and with cries of "Bread, give us bread," they seized clubs, sticks, and pikes, and marched upon the palace. Fighting and screaming, they managed to break down the doors, but were driven back by bayonets. All night the tumult lasted, but when morning came the king promised to return to Paris with Queen **Marie Antoinette** and their little son. All along the road the famished women followed the coach, crying: "We've got the baker, and the baker's wife, and the little baker-boy, and now we shall have bread."

When Louis XVI. arrived in Paris, the National Assembly met again and carried out many reforms. The unfair privileges of the nobles and clergy were swept away, the power of the king was limited, and new law courts were set up throughout France. People began to think that the revolution would pass peacefully, but they were wrong.

Many years of suffering, and the cruel hunger brought by the failing harvests, had made everyone hard and bitter. In the country districts, when the peasants found that the nobles were no longer privileged, they began to rise against them and destroy their property. Many of the nobles, in fear of their lives, escaped abroad. They were called *émigrés* and they tried to destroy the work of the National Assembly by persuading foreign kings to interfere, and to send soldiers against the French. Because of this France was obliged to declare war upon Austria and Prussia.

Very soon everyone who happened to be of noble birth was distrusted. A great knife, called a **guillotine**, was set up near the Bastille, and one after another the nobles were tried and their heads cut off. Soon anyone suspected of sympathy with the émigrés or the nobles in the country was condemned to death. At last the royal family was accused of helping the enemies of France, and flung into prison. The country was now without a king, and on September 22, 1792, was declared a **republic**.

Joyful people marched through the streets of Paris wearing the red caps of liberty and crying, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But distrust was growing. Six months after France had been declared a republic, the king was taken out of prison, tried and condemned to the guillotine. Shortly afterwards the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette, driven through the streets in an open cart and mocked by the mob, met her death while a crowd of citizens shouted as her head fell into a basket under the cruel knife.

A reign of terror followed. The Kings of Europe formed an alliance to try and quell the republic, and the revolutionists raised an army against them. Suspicion increased against the nobles and even fell upon Republicans whose views seemed too moderate. Head after head fell beneath the guillotine, and the market women of Paris counted them as they numbered the stitches of their knitting.

Never before had Paris seen such crime and bloodshed. At last people awoke to the horror of what was happening, turned against their leaders and stopped the executions. The government of France was handed over to a committee of citizens called a **Directory**, which met in Paris and tried to restore order.

It was difficult for the Directory to govern, for the country had become used to anarchy, and people were not sorry when, after a few years, it too passed away and an **emperor** was crowned in Paris. Once again new laws were made and order returned to the country.

This emperor was one of the most remarkable men whom history has ever known. His name was **Napoleon Bonaparte**, and he desired to make France the greatest country in the world, with an empire stretching beyond the boundaries of Europe.

Gathering together a vast army he set to work to carry out this idea. Victory followed victory. The few terrible defeats which might have shattered other leaders failed to break Napoleon's spirit. He marched on, on, on. He conquered Italy. He defeated the Austrians. He made war upon Russia and Prussia. He forced Spain, Portugal, and Holland to send him men and money. It seemed as though he would conquer the world. Year after year, the fighting continued, until in 1815 the English and the Prussians defeated Napoleon at the **Battle of Waterloo**. The emperor was banished to the distant island of St. Helena, and Paris never saw him again.

The city now saw many changes. Kings ruled again, and once more failed in their task, so that a new republic was formed. This did not last long, and for a short time there was another emperor who did much to make Paris more beautiful. But in his reign trouble came to the city, for a terrible war broke out between France and Prussia. Paris was besieged (1870) and the Prussian terms of peace were very hard. Early in this war the Emperor surrendered to the Prussian King, and the humiliated French deposed him, once again making their country a republic.

This Third Republic has lasted until our own times. Paris is still the seat of its government, and a centre of art and learning, where people of many lands may meet. The Palace of Versailles still stands surrounded by its beautiful gardens, and after the Great European War, when Germany and her friends surrendered to France and her allies, peace was signed in that same Hall of Mirrors where Louis XIV. loved to hold his magnificent banquets.



THE FRENCH EMPIRE IN 1812.

VIENNA

HAVE you ever thought how nice it would be to understand what the wind whispers when it rustles among the trees or what the water says when it babbles over the stones? If the trees and the flowers, the mountains and the rivers, could talk to us, they would have wonderful things to say. Perhaps the rivers would be the most interesting, for they wander so far and see so much of the world.

Shall we pretend that you are far away from your own home, sitting on the bank of a river in Central Europe, and so clever that you can understand its language?

The river is murmuring sleepily, and you wake it up by dabbling your hands in the water and saying: "Tell me a story, please?" After a few ripples, to show that it is grumbling at being disturbed, the river will talk.

"I suppose," it says, "I ought to begin with 'Once upon a time,' but you are wearing strange clothes, so I think you must be a foreign child, and as you will not know who I am, I must introduce myself. Well, I am called the **Danube**, and I am one of the greatest rivers in the world. It would take you a long, long time to walk all along my banks, for I rise in the Alps, and flow through Austria, Hungary, and the Balkans into the Black Sea.

"Yes, I have seen many changes. I have watched men come and go. I have carried their ships, and seen their cities crumble to dust. You are sitting now on what was once a bit of Roman wall.

"I liked the Romans. They were wise, brave people, and they taught the world some great lessons. In their day I did

good service, for I was the northern boundary of their empire, and all along my southern bank they put fortified camps. Have you heard of **Vindabonia**? That was the name of the biggest camp. As you have asked for a story, I think I will tell you about Vindabona, because it was my favourite spot. The Romans loved it, too, and took such a pride in it, making its walls so strong, and its buildings so beautiful, that it very soon grew from a camp to a town.

“To-day, the city which has sprung from Vindabona is called Vienna, and it is the capital of Austria. I am sorry to say there are not many traces of the old Roman town which I loved, for since those days there have been many changes.

“I expect you know how barbarians invaded the Roman Empire, and seized parts of it for themselves. Poor Vindabona had a bad time, for it fell into the hands of a fierce warrior, whose name was **Attila**. He was the chief of a savage race called the Huns. They were short, dark-haired people, with broad brutal faces and tiny eyes, and I saw them swarming in at the gates and over the walls. They pulled down the beautiful Roman buildings, and they were terribly cruel. I cannot describe the sights which I saw, nor count the times when my waters were red with blood. But I comforted myself by being patient. You see, I am as old as the world, and so I know how quickly time flies, and how often things change.

“The Huns were in Vindabona in the fifth century. I saw them driven away by other barbarians. Three-hundred years later yet another people stormed the little town. They were a German race called the Franks, with pale skins, blue eyes, and long fair hair. At the time, their ruler was a fine man whom people called **Charlemagne**, which means Charles the Great. He conquered the greater part of Western Europe, and brought his boundaries beyond my waters, so that Vindabona, or Vienna, as we may now call it, fell within his empire.

“ After this I watched Vienna steadily growing. Life, of course, was different, for as the years passed people became more civilized. From time to time I used to hear echoes of the changes which were taking place all over Europe. But, as I said before, I was used to change. It did not surprise me when Charlemagne’s great empire fell apart. France became an independent country, with its own king, and an emperor governed the lands which we now call Austria, Germany, and Holland.

“ I think these emperors had a hard task, for they were never able to build up a strong kingdom like France. They had many enemies, and were often at war. They wanted their nobles to fight for them, and so in exchange for war-service they gave grants of land. Gradually these noblemen grew powerful, and very soon the most important won the right to **elect** the emperor, and were called electors. Before choosing an emperor, they naturally made him promise not to interfere with them. This meant that they began to rule like little kings in their own lands, so that the emperor’s dominions consisted of a number of almost independent states, each with a separate ruler. The empire was like a school divided into forms or standards, each of which has its own teacher, while all the teachers are under the headmaster.

“ Among the little states was the Duchy of Austria. I well remember the first duke, a burly fellow, who built himself a castle in Vienna. His real name was Henry, but people nick-named him ‘Jasomirgott,’ because he was always saying, ‘Ja, so mir Gott helfe’ (Yes, so help me God). He did much to beautify the little town, and built a chapel in the place where the Cathedral of St. Stephen now stands.

“ Vienna gradually increased, until it became quite an important city, famous for its trade. Then one day in the thirteenth century the emperor gave it a charter of freedom, which meant that it could make its own laws, and have other privileges. You can imagine how delighted I was, for I had

a soft spot in my heart for the old town. I began to feel that the Vienna of the thirteenth century was going to be even greater than the Vindabona of Roman times. An old river like me has seen so much that it can often guess the future. I was right when I thought that Vienna was going to be powerful. Not long after this the Duchy of Austria fell into the hands of a certain **Rudolf of Habsburg**. The electors



had chosen him as emperor (1273), and you can imagine how the flags waved and the bells pealed when he made Vienna his capital. You must remember his name, because he was the first of a long line of important rulers. About a century and a half after his death the electors began always to choose a Habsburg as emperor, and Austria soon became the most important part of the empire. All these Habsburgs were very ambitious. They spent much time in adding to

their dominions, either by conquest or by royal marriages. In this way their empire became very large.

“Vienna quickly grew in size and beauty. Every year it seemed to get richer and busier. I wish you could have seen it in the fifteenth century. The Pope paid it a visit and was so delighted that he wrote a description of it. This is what he said :

“‘The town lies in a crescent on the Danube ; the city wall is five thousand paces and has double fortifications. The town proper lies like a palace in the centre of the suburbs, several of which rival it in beauty and in size. Nearly every house has something to show, something remarkable in or about it. Each dwelling has its back court or front court, large halls and smaller, good winter apartments. The guest rooms are beautifully panelled, richly furnished and warmed with stoves. All windows are glazed ; some have painted glass and have ironwork guards against thieves. In the basement are large cellars and vaults which are devoted to apothecaries, warehouses, shops, and lodgings for strangers. In the halls many tame birds are kept, so that in passing through the streets one hears the sound of a green, pleasant forest. The market-places and streets team with life. . . . Enormous is the commerce of traders, and enormous the sums of money here earned and spent. The whole district, like Vienna, is one vast and beautiful garden, covered with grapes and apples, and studded with the most charming country houses.’

“I expect you wish you could have seen it with your own eyes. As time went on many people had just such a wish as yours. Among them were the **Turks**. They not only wanted to see Vienna, but to keep it and as much of Europe as they could get.

“I wonder whether you know the most important date in the fifteenth century ? I think it was 1453, when the Turks seized Constantinople and began to sweep through Europe. Do you know that in less than a hundred years they had

pushed on so far that they stood outside the walls of Vienna? That was a terrible time. I kept wondering whether they would swarm through the gates and murder and pillage, as the Huns had done more than a thousand years earlier. And I thought to myself, 'Once again we shall have a change for the worse.' But I made a mistake. Vienna was gallantly defended and the Turks were thrust back. Europe was saved. Do you remember how Constantinople had stood like a great bulwark between the Turks and Western Europe? Well, Vienna was now doing exactly the same thing. It was preventing the Turks from over-running the rest of the civilized world.

"I *was* proud. I used to whisper to Vienna: 'That is just what little Vindobona would have done—kept away the enemies of the empire.'

"Of course Vienna hoped the Turks had gone forever, but no, they pursued their conquests and alarmed the rest of Europe. Then once again, nearly a hundred and fifty years later, they marched on the city. It was in the summer of 1683. The emperor fled from the town, and many of the inhabitants went with him. I saw them in the distance—a long stream of frightened people, some in carts, some on horseback, and others walking with bundles on their backs or babies in their arms. It was very pitiful.

"I watched the Turks making their preparations. They pitched their tents beyond the city, and I am not exaggerating when I say they brought with them all the luxury of Asia. It was a marvellous sight, and my waters reflected every colour in the rainbow, for the Turks wore such bright clothes, and all their tents were of coloured silk. I think they expected to stay, for the Grand Vizier, who commanded them, had brought his harem—that is to say, his wives, women-slaves, and children. He lodged them in a vast citadel of silk, and I used to hear them chattering like little monkeys and playing some kind of tinkling instrument. Among their tents they had baths and little gardens with

fountains. It was just like an Eastern city, and I almost believed myself in Asia when I saw the elephants and camels and all the jewels sparkling in the sun. It was interesting and beautiful but I felt very sad, for all those lovely Viennese suburbs, which the old Pope had once admired, were destroyed.

"In Vienna itself the people prepared for a siege. They set mines, and if they were caught outside the walls they fought against the Turks with pick-axes. Ammunition and food were scarce, and after a month the garrison was almost exhausted and the townspeople were dying daily. Message after message was sent to Europe. I wondered whether help would ever come, and then one day I saw a strange thing.

"I was staring at the Turkish tents when I saw a man. He spoke perfect Turkish. He was dressed like a Turk, and he sat among the Turkish soldiers, drinking coffee and singing, and I heard them warning him against the Christians. They thought he was one of themselves, but I knew better. I am old, and I have seen many men. This was no Turk, but a spy. My heart sang a song of joy, and I whispered to Vienna, 'Open your gates: help is coming.' That very night I saw a rocket leap from the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral, and then I knew that Vienna had welcomed the spy, and had heard a message of hope.

"I waited anxiously. Day after day I heard the echo of tramping feet, and saw the distant gleam of armour in the sun. Help was coming to Vienna. **John Sobieski**, the King of Poland, was on his way to fight the Turks. It was his spy who had brought the message.

"On came the Polish soldiers, gathering friends by the way. The Turks grew much excited, and prepared to meet them, while the little ladies of the harem were driven away on the backs of elephants or in covered carts, where they must have found it difficult to breathe.

"I will not describe the fighting, as I am sure you can

imagine it for yourself. All I need say is that the Turks fled, leaving their treasures and silken tents, for John Sobieski had delivered Vienna. He wrote to his wife that day, telling her of the booty which had fallen to his lot: 'A diamond belt, two diamond watches, four or five rich knives, five quivers inlaid with rubies, and sapphires, and pearls; rugs, hangings, furs, and a thousand other trifles.'

"And now I heard no more tinkling music of Turkish ladies. I heard peal after peal of bells, the sounds of weeping and cheering, the tramp of many feet, and the murmur of whispered blessings. In solemn procession John Sobieski and his soldiers marched to the Cathedral. The sacred building was full of kneeling people. Out in the courtyard and down the long street came the slow chanting of the *Te Deum*. When the last echoes died away, a deep stillness fell upon the crowd, and the voice of the bishop, trembling a little, gave out the text: 'There was a man, sent by God, whose name was John.'

"Dear John Sobieski, I often think of him. Yet I am glad that he could not live to be as old as I am, for his heart would have been broken. Do you know that about a hundred years later, Poland, his country, was divided three times among its enemies? Ungrateful Austria seized a strip for itself. I kept whispering to Vienna, 'You have forgotten the man, sent by God, whose name was John.' But it was no use. Vienna was getting proud. I suppose she had really something to be proud of, for by the end of the eighteenth century she was the capital of an empire, which included Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, part of Poland, and several little German states.

"Nevertheless, I do not think that Vienna was very happy. The empire had many enemies, and scarcely a day passed without my seeing soldiers march out of the city. War followed war, and I sometimes wondered whether there would ever be peace in Europe. But there was something which I heard above the roll of muffled drums and the rumble of

distant guns, something to which I still listen, and which I shall always hear, for it is so beautiful that it cannot die—I mean music.

“Music and Vienna. The two words will always stand together, for nearly all the great musicians came to study, live, or play in Vienna. Here came **Glück**, a poor, wandering player. He rose to fame, and taught Marie Antoinette, the gay little Austrian princess who died so cruelly in Paris. Here, too, came **Haydn**, after whom a street is called, and here **Beethoven** gave his name to two lovely walks, where he breathed the sweet scent of pine trees. There were others, too, so you must not be surprised that I heard the sound of song more easily than guns.

“I do not think I shall ever forget the music which I heard in the year 1809. That was the year when Napoleon entered Vienna. He stormed the city. The crash of the guns, and the sound of falling walls, filled the air. People could scarcely hear themselves speak. But I heard something faint and sweet above the rattle of musketry. It was the thin wail of a violin. I recognized the trembling notes of the Austrian national anthem. Haydn had composed it, and as he lay dying he struggled up in bed, and played it to drown the noise of the guns. It gave me hope.

“Not many years later, the eyes of the whole world were on Vienna, and I saw some interesting people. It was in the year 1815. Napoleon had been safely imprisoned in St. Helena, and the great nations of Europe were anxious to repair the damage which he had done. They wanted to draw a new map, and so they sent representatives to discuss the changes. This famous meeting was called the **Congress of Vienna**. When it was over, the map was indeed changed. Prussia and the smaller German states became almost independent of Austria, and formed a union of their own. This was called the **German Confederation**, and from it the great German Empire grew many years later. But in Vienna the Habsburg emperors still ruled over



HAYDN.

From a contemporary portrait.

Austria and Hungary and the other lands which belonged to them.

"And now I am coming to a sad part of my story. In 1914, ninety-nine years after the Congress, when Vienna had been so full of dancing and music, something happened which cast a shadow over the whole world. War broke out between Austria and her neighbour, Serbia. Little by little other nations were drawn into the quarrel, until France, England, Belgium, Italy, and Russia, and other smaller nations were fighting on Serbia's side against Austria, Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria.

"Poor Vienna suffered terribly. She was hemmed in by the fighting nations. Her people died of starvation and disease. The beautiful gay city was full of suffering and poverty, and when peace was at last declared she had changed terribly. Pale little children cried for bread, and everywhere there was illness and misery. The shops were almost empty, the people quiet and sickly. I seemed to be looking at the ghost of Vienna.

"I think the city is beginning to recover now, but the once mighty empire is only a shadow of the past. Austria has dwindled into a little republic. Hungary has broken away from her and become independent. Bohemia and Moravia, once her subjects, are helping to form the new country of Czecho-Slovakia. Other lands once ruled by her now form part of Poland and of Jugo-Slavia.

"Yes, yes, an old river sees many changes. I could have told you much more, but I should have taken a long time, and you have not learnt to be as patient as I am. That is a virtue of old age."

BERLIN

IN comparison with the other cities about which you have been reading Berlin is very modern, for its real story does not begin until the eighteenth century.

To understand this history, however, you must turn for a moment to earlier years. Do you remember reading how the great Frankish Empire of Charlemagne (742-814), which stretched almost from the Ebro to the Oder, fell to pieces, France becoming a separate kingdom and the Eastern dominions an empire? As you have already seen, this empire was neither strong nor united, for the land was divided among powerful nobles. Each of these nobles was supposed to be under the emperor, but really ruled like a king over his own possessions, so that in the course of time the emperor became little more than a figure-head, and the empire a collection of almost independent states.

Among these states was **Brandenburg**, whose rulers were called **electors**, because they had a voice in the election of the emperor. In the fifteenth century Brandenburg fell into the hands of a very ambitious family, called the **Hohenzollerns**. By conquest, treaty, and alliance they gradually added to their possessions, until the end of the seventeenth century found them with the districts of Pomerania on the north of Brandenburg, some scattered lands in other parts of Germany, and, more important than all, the **duchy of East Prussia**, which lay beyond the Vistula and outside boundaries of the empire.

Very soon an important change took place. In the year 1700, Frederick of Brandenburg persuaded the emperor to let him alter his title from Elector to King. He managed

to do a very clever thing, for he did not call himself "King of Brandenburg," but "King of Prussia." As Prussia lay outside the empire its ruler could be quite independent and in no sense subject to the emperor. In this way, a new kingdom was born in Europe, and the other countries soon began to feel its power.

Up to this time Berlin had not been considered an important town, but while the elector's dominions had been increasing, it had gradually grown bigger and had attracted many foreign settlers. The Prussian king now made it his royal residence, and looked upon it as the capital of all his possessions. From this time onward it steadily grew larger and was the centre of all Prussian activities.

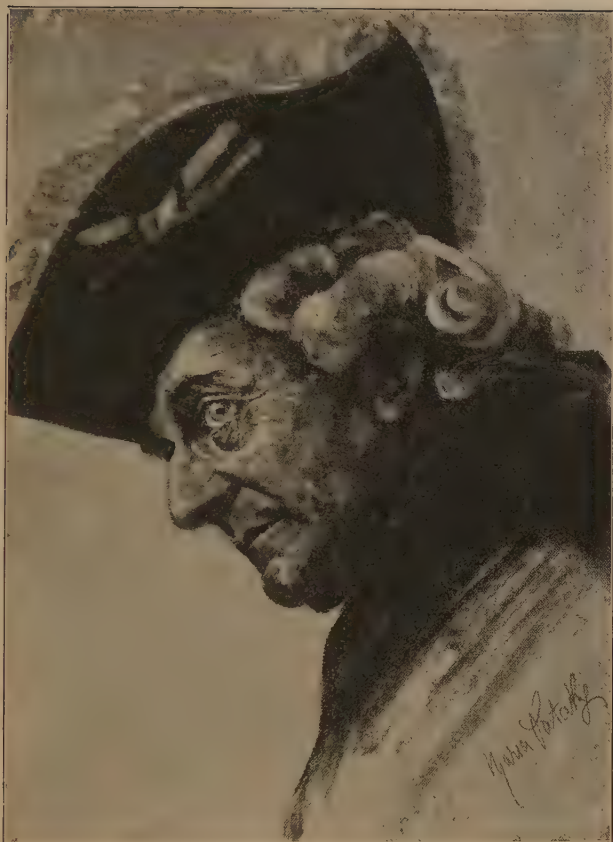
Berlin now began to see many strange and unexpected things, for the second King of Prussia, **Frederick William I.** (1730-1740), was one of the most remarkable men who ever sat upon a throne. He was gruff and brutal, and subject to such fierce fits of anger that his poor ministers shook with fear when he came into the room. When he walked in the streets his subjects used to hide, for he showed no mercy to those who were idle. Many a lad, who had ceased work to lounge for a minute in the sun, slunk from his presence with a sore back. It is said that one day he was riding round Berlin, his quick eye darting into every corner, when he saw a poor, old Jew shuffling out of his way.

"Stop!" roared the king, and dismounting seized him by the collar. "Why were you running away?"

"Sire," whimpered the captive, "I—I was afraid of you."

The king stamped with rage and belaboured the wretched man with his riding-whip. "Love me," he cried. "Do you hear? You shall love me. I will teach you to love me."

He was even more unkind to his own family. If they displeased him, he dragged them round the room by the hair. At table he threw the plates at their heads, and he flogged his son unmercifully if he found him reading or playing the flute,



FREDERICK THE GREAT (1712-1786).

From a painting by H. Pataky.

because he did not want the boy to be learned, but to shoot, ride, and show his mettle on the parade ground.

Frederick William's cruelty was probably due to one thing—his ambition to make Prussia one of the greatest Powers in Europe. Lazy subjects would not make a strong country, so he beat every one whom he saw wasting time. A son, who spent his leisure playing the flute and avoiding drill, would not make an industrious king or a good general, and so the boy was flogged. Extravagance would not leave a full treasury, and so the king lived like a miser, and only allowed his family the barest necessities. Foreigners visiting Berlin were amazed at the shabby king, the lack of gold and silver at the court, and the want of horses and state carriages. Everything was sold to fill the treasury and to strengthen the army.

And what a marvellous army it was. Berlin had never seen its like. Endless drilling, merciless punishments and iron discipline had almost turned the Prussian soldier into a machine. The king's own bodyguard was the pride of the capital, for it was composed of the tallest men whom he could find. Not one of them was less than seven foot high. "We have only Samsons and Goliaths in our troops," said the Berliners. When the king died he left his son this fine army and a full treasury.

If Berlin now hoped to have a gay court life like other capitals, it was disappointed, for the new king was indifferent to grandeur. He wore an old, blue uniform and short threadbare, black breeches with long riding-boots. He did not collect beautiful things for his palace nor encourage his courtiers to wear fine clothes, but he cared very much for his country. He built new houses and started new industries in Berlin and other towns, and even in the winter he rose at four o'clock and sat at his table working and making plans for the future. His people called him **Frederick the Great**, for in spite of his father's fears he was a strong king and a good general.

Like his father, Frederick was very ambitious. He, too, was anxious to make Prussia a great European Power, so he increased his army and paid great attention to the training of his soldiers. He fought in many a battle and planned many successful campaigns, so that the streets of Berlin were gay with flags when news of victory was brought.

One of the most important wars of Frederick's reign was called **The Seven Years' War** (1756-1763). Nearly every country in Northern and Western Europe took part in it, but Prussia's chief enemies were Austria and Russia. Although Frederick was such an able general, he allowed Berlin to fall into their hands more than once. The town was pillaged, and the unfortunate citizens saw their treasures carried away by foreign soldiers. There was mourning and misery in every home, for it is said that one man in every six perished. Yet in spite of their sorrow, the citizens could not help being proud of their king, for, when peace was declared, a long strip of land, called **Silesia**, increased the Prussian dominions by one-third. Ten years later Frederick seized a part of Poland, so that his possessions were no longer separated by a foreign land. If you look at the map on page 122 you will see what a difference this made to Prussia.

As soon as war was over, Frederick showed that he was a wise king as well as a great general. He made good laws, and set to work to repair the damage which had been done to his country. Houses were rebuilt, and industries reorganized, until not only the capital, but the whole of Prussia was once again making progress. When he died, worn out with hard work, everyone mourned his loss. He left Prussia the greatest of the German states, and Berlin the proud capital of a flourishing kingdom, with six million inhabitants, a full treasury, and an army at which the whole of Europe looked askance.

But trouble was not far off. In several of these chapters you have read how the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries were times of great unrest in

Europe. The story of Paris told you how the French revolution was followed by the conquests of Napoleon. Now, one of the most important things which Napoleon did was to put an end to the old empire. For centuries the emperor had had very little power over the semi-independent German



THE POSSESSIONS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

states, and he was now obliged to confess that he could neither protect nor govern them. He, therefore, agreed that they should be independent of his rule, and turning his attention to his other possessions he took the title, **Emperor of Austria** (1806).

Meanwhile, there was consternation in Berlin, for Napoleon,

sweeping all before him, had reached the city and filled it with French troops. The Prussian army had been terribly defeated, and the little country which the Hohenzollerns had turned into a flourishing kingdom was now nothing more than a French dependency.

Berlin was obliged to obey Napoleon's orders, house the French troops, and look on while the enemy prospered. She could no longer boast of the proud Prussian army, for Napoleon, fearing its strength, had limited it to forty-two thousand men. The Samsons and Goliaths were gone. In their places Berlin watched raw young soldiers drilling and presenting arms. How inferior and inexperienced they seemed in comparison with the French garrisons, but when the enemy laughed at them, the Berliners smiled quietly. Napoleon had limited their army. Nevertheless, their fighting strength was growing every year. They obeyed Napoleon's orders, but into their small army they constantly passed new recruits, allowing all who had had a certain amount of training to retire. This gave them a strong reserve, so that in 1812, when news was brought of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, nearly every able-bodied Prussian had had a soldier's training. The French were driven out of Berlin, and very soon the Prussian nation had become a vast army. Two years later they and the British crushed Napoleon for ever at the **Battle of Waterloo** (1815).

Berlin had now time to pick up the broken threads of her existence, and she busied herself with new plans for Prussia's greatness.

During the years of humiliation she had learned that she would never be the capital of a strong Power unless she made careful preparations. Every Prussian must be trained for the service of his country, and the work must begin in Berlin. The city now began to look very busy. Each young man was obliged to serve for a certain length of time in the army. Experiments were made with new weapons, and the greatest attention was paid to military equipment. Schools and

colleges were built, and a law was passed obliging every child between the ages of six and fourteen to go to school. Berlin was the first place in the whole of Europe to make education compulsory. Other Prussian towns and villages followed the lead, and as knowledge spread throughout the country, the people became more intelligent, so that Berlin soon looked out upon a wiser and stronger nation.

She looked out, too, upon a new Europe, for the war had brought changes. The old empire was dead. Many of the little German states had been suppressed by Napoleon, and the remainder felt weak and disunited now that they owed no allegiance to an emperor. They were glad when a congress met at Vienna to try and remove the difficulties which had arisen. As you read in the story of Vienna, this congress arranged that the little German kingdoms, together with Austria and Prussia, should form a sort of brotherhood, which was called the **German Confederation**. This did not mean that they were under one government, for they still kept their own kings and made their own laws. It merely meant that they would protect one another against foreign enemies.

The arrangement was just as unsatisfactory as the old empire, for it was nothing more than a collection of independent kingdoms very loosely united. It was quite possible, too, for any member of the Confederation to take up arms against another. This actually happened in 1866, when Prussia seized a part of Denmark for herself, and Austria, jealous of her power, joined with some other German states and declared war against her. This was just what Prussia wanted, and loud were the cheers in Berlin when the young soldiers marched through the streets and away to battle. A great victory drove Austria for ever from the German Confederation, and made Prussia mistress of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and some other German provinces. She was now the leader of all the German states, and there was triumph in Berlin.

But the triumph was tinged with regret. It was a wonderful thing to work for the greatest German state and a fine thing to be a Prussian. Yet Prussia was only a part of the German nation. What a pity it was that the German-speaking people were still disunited. They were of the same race, and if all could work for the common good they would make a strong and prosperous nation. "We ought to be under one banner," said the people, "and instead of belonging to a German Confederation, we should work for a German Empire."

Such an idea had long been in the minds of two remarkable men. Their names were **Bismarck** and **Moltke**. All their lives they worked energetically for a united Germany, but a *Germany under Prussian control*. Bismarck would allow nothing to stand in his way. He ruthlessly beat down all opposition and managed to carry out the most unpopular reforms in spite of public opinion. "The union of Germany," he said, "is no matter for speeches and songs. It can only be done by blood and iron."

This "man of blood and iron" found ample support in Moltke, a great military genius, who organized the army and arranged all those successful campaigns so necessary for Bismarck's purpose. When Austria had been beaten, the Prussian military system was installed in all the new possessions, and Berlin was the centre of a great military machine, ready to attack any enemy, merely waiting for the other German states to recognize her power and rally round her banner. Only four years were to pass before Bismarck's ambition was realized.

In the story of Paris, you read how France made war upon Prussia (1870) with disastrous results. The Prussian King and his army swept all before them, took up their headquarters at Versailles and besieged Paris. Bismarck was there, dictating the harsh terms of peace, and Moltke rejoicing in his invincible army. Each knew that the hour of triumph was at hand.

It came just before the fall of Paris, when representatives from every German state, kingdom, and republic joined in asking the King of Prussia, the head of the house of Hohenzollern, to become the **German Emperor**.

The great ideal was fulfilled. Under Prussian leadership the Germans had become a united nation with a single government. Great crowds thronged the streets of Berlin when the Emperor's proclamation was read. "God grant," it ran, "that we and our successors to the Imperial Crown may at all times give increase to the German Empire, not by the conquests of war, but by the fair gifts of peace, national prosperity, freedom and well-doing." It was answered by ringing cheers. Berlin was at last the capital of an empire, ready to take its place among the foremost Powers of Europe.

The other nations were quick to recognize the importance of the new empire, and eight years later paid Berlin a compliment by holding there just such another congress as had been held in Vienna, half a century earlier. With Bismarck as president, representatives of the European Powers met this time to discuss the affairs of Russia and the Balkans which had been fighting against Turkey. It was this **Congress of Berlin** (1878) which gave Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania their independence. It brought, too, fresh prestige to the city in which it was held. Henceforth Berlin was to play a leading part in the world's councils.

The Germans, proud of their progress, now began to beautify the capital of their empire. Up to this time Berlin had been a somewhat ugly, insanitary town, with cobbled roads, open sewers, and overcrowded, underground dwellings. After the war with France, tenements had been built to house the soldiers, and they had made the city even more unattractive.

Such conditions were unsuited to the position which Berlin had won, and so builders, artists, and architects set to work and made the city as like Paris as they could. Little by little fine buildings were erected, and the streets

were widened and cleansed. Public gardens and parks were planted, art-galleries and museums built, until Berlin became, what it is to-day, the third largest city in Europe, industrious, clean, and orderly. If you were to pay it a visit you would see one of the finest streets in the world. It is a mile long and four times as broad as an ordinary street. The four rows of lime trees which grow along it give it the name "Unter den Linden" (Under the Limes). At one end there is a statue of Frederick the Great; at the other, a figure of Victory, enthroned in a chariot.

Now, while Berlin was being enlarged and improved, other things were not neglected. The government, with the emperor at its head, was determined to make Germany stronger and more efficient than any other nation. Ever since Frederick William I. had thrashed his idle subjects and trained his soldiers so strictly that they had worked like machines, discipline had been the foundation on which the state was built. It was the keynote of the old Prussian kingdom and of the new German Empire. Berlin worked to preserve this ideal, and the city, like the whole country, became a miracle of organization, and every law was carried out with the precision of clockwork. The efficiency of the army seemed just as important as that of the civilian, for Berlin thought that advantages had been gained by the military triumphs of 1866 and 1870, and she taught her people that war was not the terrible evil which we think it to-day, but a source of profit. And so, year after year, the fighting strength of the empire was increased and the military spirit of the whole nation carefully fostered. Slowly and steadily the army grew. Every able-bodied civilian between the ages of seventeen and forty-five was obliged to have two years' military training. Soon Berlin ordered an increase of armaments, and in different parts of the country factories were built for the making of explosives and guns. Troops and ammunition were wanted, too, to protect the new colonies, for Germany, feeling the need of fresh markets

and extra space for her surplus manufactures and growing population, had gradually founded settlements in Africa, New Guinea, and China. As industry and commerce developed, Berlin ordered ships to be built, and soon Germany was trading in every quarter of the globe. But merchant ships were not enough. Berlin needed a navy to protect the empire. "Imperial power is sea power," said the Emperor; "one cannot exist without the other," and so battleships, submarines, and torpedoes were built, until the German navy was almost as large as that of Great Britain.

With all this careful organization, Germany was fully prepared for war, when at last it came in the summer of 1914. At this time the great European Powers were divided into two separate camps, for they had been busily making alliances with one another. Russia, France, and England were pledged to help each other in times of trouble, while Germany and Austria, who had long since made up their disputes, were allies. When Austria declared war against Serbia, with whom she had been quarrelling for many years, Germany naturally supported her ally. Russia, ever ready to protect the Slav countries from interference, decided to help Serbia. This meant that France was drawn into the struggle. Germany, who had hurt France so badly in 1870, was now determined to crush her altogether, and, as you read in the story of Bruges, tried to reach her by pushing through Belgium, although the nations of Europe had promised that this little country should be neutral in cases of war. England then went to the help of France and Belgium, and gradually other nations were involved, until nearly all Europe was fighting. The struggle lasted for four years, and the world is still suffering from its effects.

During this terrible war, life in Berlin gradually altered just as it did in London and Vienna. Everywhere there were hospitals for the wounded. Little by little women began to take the places of men on the railways and tramways, in the fields and the shops. Foodstuffs and other

necessities were carefully rationed, and as time passed they grew more and more scarce, for the British navy prevented as many ships as possible from reaching the German ports. Love of their country, ambition and the discipline in which they had been so carefully trained, stood civilian and soldier in good stead. But strong as they were, they were not strong enough, and at least they gave in and sued for peace.

Then came the great change. Weary of war, which had brought suffering instead of triumph, tired of obedience to a military ideal and longing for the "fair gifts of peace" which their first emperor had promised them scarcely half-a-century ago, the people of Berlin took the law into their own hands. The emperor and his despotic government must go, for the German people would no longer submit to a ruler, who was commander-in-chief of the army and who had the right to make alliances and declare war on their behalf but without their consent. With the force of public opinion against him, the emperor abdicated. Thus it happened that in a very little more than two hundred years, Berlin, which had once been an insignificant town in a small electorate, became the capital first of a kingdom, then of an empire, and finally of a republic.

MOSCOW

You have heard of the Norsemen, who used to leave their homes in the Baltic, to go sea-roving in their dragon-prowed ships. Not far from their country, in a land of thick forests and grassy steppes, lived a race of people whom we call the Slavs. Legend tells us that the Slavs admired the fierce Norse seamen, and longing for peace and protection sent messengers to ask them for a prince. A warrior, whose name was Rurik, answered the call, and he brought with him his family, the tribe of **Russ**. It is from this tribe that the land of Russia gets its name.

In the course of time, the land over which Rurik and his descendants ruled was divided into several districts, each of which was called a **principality**, and was governed by a grand prince. The grand prince had a bodyguard of noble-men who were his best friends. They were called **boyars**, and they helped to make laws, and fought in every battle. In these days there were many wars, for the grand princes were jealous of one another, and each tried to gain as much land for himself as he could. Because they were always quarrelling, the country grew weak, and the Russians were not prepared for the terrible calamity which overtook them in the thirteenth century.

In Central Asia there lived a wild, strange people called the **Tartars**. They had small eyes, set far apart, their skin was brown, and their hair black. With creaking wagons, groaning camels, and herds of sheep and cattle, they wandered from place to place, fighting fiercely against all who stood in their way. People knew them as the **Golden Horde**. Their princes were called Khans, and the lord

of all was the Great Khan, who had built up a powerful kingdom in the land which we now call Mongolia. The Tartars conquered region after region, and while the Russian princes were quarrelling amongst themselves, they swept into Russia. Shouting their terrible war-cries, they burned the villages, destroyed the harvests, and seized men, women, and children as slaves. By degrees they conquered all the land which had belonged to the Russians, and for very many years the poor Russian people led sad lives, for the Tartars taxed them heavily, and made the grand princes pay homage to the Great Khan, and bring him soldiers to fight in his wars.

Now all this time, in the middle of Russia, a race of strong and clever princes had been growing up. They lived in a little timber-built town called Moscow. The first prince had only the one town, but he soon gained two others. The princes who followed gained more, until at last a long tract of land all belonged to the one town, and it was called the Grand Principality of Moscow, after the little city in its midst.

Moscow, now, began to be important; traders coming from Asia and the South visited it, and brought it wealth. A beautiful church was built there, and the chief bishop, who was called the Metropolitan, came to live there. In the middle of the town stood the **Kremlin**, which is a Tartar word meaning fort, where the grand prince lived. The prince and his boyars were powerful people; they took valuable presents to the Great Khans of the Golden Horde, and began to dress like the Tartars, wearing turbans and long caftans, and carrying bows and arrows.

Little by little the Moscow princes conquered more and more territory, until they ruled over a wide stretch of land, and felt that they were very strong and important. Then they began to wonder why they should pay tribute to the Tartars. The Khans had been quarrelling among themselves, just as the grand princes had done in the old days, and so

they were no longer as strong as they had been, and at last a grand prince of Moscow, whose name was Dmitri, made war against them, and they were terribly beaten. The people rejoiced greatly, but they had lost so many men, that when the Tartars came to take their revenge, they could not hold out against them. The city was burned, and Dmitri and his boyars sat among the ashes and wept, "Oh, Moscow, Moscow, our fathers, who never beat the Tartars, were not as unhappy as we."

If Dmitri had been able to look into the future he would have felt comforted, for in less than a hundred years, more and more territory had been won for Moscow, and the Tartars were running away as fast as they could. In fact, they ran and ran until they reached the middle of Asia, and so in 1480 Tartar rule came to an end, for the Khans were afraid of the Grand Prince Ivan.

This prince was, indeed, a wonderful man. His people called him **Ivan the Great**. In his time Moscow became a very different place from the simple, little town which it had once been. He made friends with Venice and Germany, so that foreign ambassadors came to the city, and he sent for European craftsmen to come and teach the people how to make new things. The Greeks came, too, and they brought beautiful manuscripts which made the first Russian library.

Ivan's wife was a Greek princess. Her name was Sophia, and she was the niece of that poor Byzantine emperor, whose capital, Constantinople, had been captured by the Turks (1453). Sophia was a fine lady, accustomed to all the luxury of the Byzantine court, and she began to introduce new ways, so that Moscow gradually changed. Court life was no longer simple; the grand prince ceased to mingle with the boyars in the old friendly way which they had loved, and they grew jealous of his power, and very suspicious. Quite soon, too, Ivan changed his old title, and instead of being a grand prince, he called himself a Czar, which means Emperor. Like the tyrants of Athens, and the Roman and



F. de Haenen.

MOSCOW : THE KREMLIN

Byzantine emperors, he became an autocrat, and his will was law. If people disobeyed him, he had them beaten with a leather whip, called a knout.

When he died he left his country bigger than ever, for he had conquered a large slice of Poland, and had sent his armies into Finland, and across the Ural mountains. The people of Moscow feared and admired him, but not so much as they feared and admired his grandson, **Ivan the Terrible**.

This Ivan was only a little boy when his parents died, and so the boyars, who by this time had become a very powerful class of noblemen, governed for him. They behaved unjustly, taxing the poor people heavily, receiving bribes and making money for themselves, so that everyone in Moscow grew to hate the very word "boyar." They neglected the little Czar, and taught him to be just as cruel as they were themselves. Indeed, they were so unkind to him that he, too, grew to hate them, and one day he took a terrible vengeance. He seated himself on his throne, surrounded by soldiers, and he summoned the boyars into his presence. When they had all assembled, he ordered his guards to seize one of the most important of them. Then he made a sign. The fierce, hungry hounds were let out of their kennels, and, before the whole court, the miserable boyar was flung into their midst and torn to pieces. Then the boyars, who had taught Ivan to be cruel, began to fear him, and all through his reign they plotted against his life, and Ivan fought them with torture, the knout and death, and treated them so savagely that people named him Ivan the Terrible.

Although Ivan was cruel, the people of Moscow loved him because he made better laws than the unjust boyars. They admired him because he won more land for Russia, making it three times as large as it had been. They were grateful to him, too, because he helped to make their city more beautiful.

Had you visited Moscow in Ivan's time, you would have seen a town with bad, uneven roads, set upon hilly ground, and surrounded by convents, woods, and gardens. In the

middle, enclosed by a wall, on which were eighteen towers, you would have seen the Kremlin, a place of gleaming palaces, with coloured walls and turrets of every shape and hue; churches, green, blue, and red, with golden domes above them, and golden pillars inside. Peep for a moment into Ivan's banqueting hall. There he sits on a dais, on what is called the Throne of Solomon. It is all carved in gold, and supported by clockwork lions which roar. Round about him stand the boyars, dressed in long, flowing caftans and gay turbans. They have left their wives at home, for women do not appear in public except on special occasions, when they are drawn through the streets in a curtained litter. They may not even show their faces to any man except their husbands, and if they are ill they make holes in the curtains of their beds, and put their hands through, so that the doctors may feel their pulses.

In Ivan's reign you would have met your own countrymen in the streets of Moscow and heard how surprised and pleased they were at all the strange sights, for no Englishmen had ever been to Russia before, and they were astonished to find it so great a country.

After Ivan's death (1583) the country grew greater still. More and more land was added to the Czar's dominions. Astrakhan, Kazan, and a part of the Ukraine all belonged to him, and the Russians were moving further and further into Siberia. It was clear that the Czardom of Moscow, which had grown from a little wooden town to a principality, was now becoming an empire. Two rulers completed the transformation. The first was **Peter the Great** and the second **Catherine**.

Peter was a remarkable man. He had been brought up differently from the other Czars in a village near Moscow, and he had made many foreign friendships. As a child his chief delight was to make boats and to play at soldiers. His friends told him about other European armies and people, and he became very much interested in foreign customs, and

spent much time in learning languages. When he came to the throne (1681) he was little more than a boy, but he was far wiser than many an older man. He saw that in comparison with his foreign friends his own countrymen were very uneducated and he made up his mind to teach them new ideas. To do this he was obliged to leave Moscow and travel in foreign countries so as to find out the best customs. He went to France, Holland, and England, and he worked in the shipyards as a common labourer and became a carpenter and a locksmith. He went to Prussia and studied German ways, and when he returned to Moscow with his shaven face and short German coat the ignorant people wrung their hands and cried: "It is an evil spirit and not the Czar." And they invented a story which told how Peter had been to Norway, where a witch had caught him and cooked him, but when she tried to put him in a barrel and roll him into the sea he had escaped, and was wandering about the world, while a German changeling was Czar in his place.

Peter did not mind what people thought, but went on making changes. Moscow became almost a different town, for the appearance of the people altered completely. First of all Peter ordered everyone to cut off his long beard. The Russians were proud of their beards and hated to shave. Peter took no notice of their protests, and off came the beards, unless their owners were willing to pay a heavy tax. The next thing he did was to shorten the flowing robes, which were relics of the old Tartar days. If a man came into Moscow wearing a long caftan he had to kneel down while a soldier cut the garment short to the knee, and you may imagine that he was just as annoyed as the old woman in the fairy-tale when

"Up came a pedlar whose name was Stout,
And he cut her petticoats all round about!"

Peter paid no heed to the complaints, but went on making changes. He even made the noblemen bring their wives to court with unveiled faces, and all the people were very much

shocked until they became used to such behaviour. He built schools in Moscow, and had foreign books translated, and people looked on with amazement when they saw that the soldiers being drilled for Peter's army were being trained in Western ways.

All these changes made a difference to Moscow, but the greatest difference of all was made by a war with Sweden. At the end of this Peter added Livonia, Esthonia, and a part of Finland to his dominions, and so won a passage through the Baltic Sea, by means of which he could sail to the west. On the marshy land of the Baltic coast he built himself a city which he nicknamed his "window of the west." This city was called, after him, **St. Petersburg**,* and it became the capital of Russia, so that Moscow, which had once been so important, had now only a second place.

But Moscow had not seen the last of the Russian rulers, for **Catherine the Great**, or little Mother Catherine, as her people called her, had a winter palace there, and many a time her subjects saw her riding about the streets, dressed like a man and carrying pistols. Moscow was very proud of Catherine, for when she died (1796) she had added the Crimea to her dominions, and had brought the boundaries of her empire to the Prussian frontier on the Baltic and to the River Dniester on the south-west. Russia was now one of the greatest Powers in Europe, and it was small wonder that, a few years later, the jealous eyes of a great conqueror should turn in her direction.

The name of this conqueror was Napoleon. One nation after another came under his rule, and in 1812 he crossed the River Niemen and defeated the Russians with terrible loss. Back through the country the Russians retreated towards their beloved Moscow, weeping bitterly when they came within sight of the white walls and coloured domes.

* During the Great War of 1914-18 the name of this town was changed to Petrograd, a Russian form of the same word. To-day it is called Leningrad, after Lenin, one of the Bolshevik leaders.

Within a short time Napoleon and his army arrived. They passed into the city, cutting down all who opposed them, and this was easy, for Moscow was almost deserted. But as the soldiers were ransacking the houses and shops for food, columns of smoke rolled towards the sky, and tongues of flame flickered from the wooden roofs of the houses. Someone had fired the city. To the sound of crackling flames, volleys of musketry, and the moaning of the wounded, Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, strode up the red staircase into the palace of the Czars. Many days passed before the flames were put out, and fortunately the most beautiful buildings were saved.

Napoleon kept hoping that the Russians would treat for peace, but nothing happened. He was disappointed, too, for he had expected the Russian peasants to help him. In these days the peasants were poor hard-working men who toiled for a small wage and were **bound to the soil**. This means that if land were sold to a rich man the peasants were sold with it. They could not move from place to place nor buy land for themselves, but were obliged by the law of Russia to remain where they were and work for a master. For this reason they were called **serfs**, which is another name for slaves. Napoleon knew about their hard lot, and he thought "These poor serfs will have heard how the French set out to win liberty, equality, and fraternity. I, the French Emperor, will offer them freedom if they help me." He did not understand that the serfs loved their country more than freedom, and did not want it to belong to France. Instead of a help he found them a trouble, for they used to creep about the outskirts of Moscow and kill any Frenchman whom they saw.

Soon winter set in. Snow fell and supplies were almost exhausted. Many of the French soldiers in their thin uniforms were frozen to death. Day after day the starving men grew weaker, until at last Napoleon was obliged to abandon Moscow. The horses were brought out of the

churches where they had been stabled, and mines connected by trains of gunpowder set round the Kremlin, for Napoleon gave orders that the city was to be destroyed. As the famished French soldiers slowly retreated under cover of night, there was a terrible explosion. But Napoleon's last act of vengeance failed. People were killed and wounded, but the churches, which the French had desecrated and pillaged, remained standing. Only the beautiful tower of Ivan the Terrible tottered and fell, and the Russians found it, a heap of dust and ashes, outside the walls of the Kremlin.

Serf, soldier, and civilian harried the retreating French, who fell, wounded, starving, and frost-bitten by the wayside, until the road from Moscow was strewn with dead bodies. Napoleon escaped to Poland, but of his magnificent army scarcely a twentieth part remained. The Russians returned in triumph to Moscow, and among the ruins of the old burnt buildings set up new houses, bright with stucco and coloured walls and painted metal roofs, so that when the Czar came to visit the town four years later (1816) there were so many new dwellings that he was astonished. Had he looked closely he would have seen that many of them were only painted boards without windows, roofs, staircases, or even floors.

After the struggle against Napoleon, Moscow hoped for peace, but, sad to say, the next hundred years were full of anxiety and disturbance. War followed war, and time after time the soldiers left the city, casting sad looks at the Kremlin, and longing to remain at home. At last in 1853 came a war in which Russia fought against Turkey, France, and England. This was called the **Crimean War**, because it was fought round that little triangle of land which Catherine the Great had won for her country. These were sad days, for Russia was badly beaten, and after this many a wounded soldier begged for bread in the streets of Moscow, and there was much sorrow and poverty, and people complained: "We thought we were being made stronger than

other nations, and so we paid taxes without murmuring, and became soldiers when our masters ordered us to the war. And now we see Russia is weak. Is it because our government is bad and our people are serfs?"

Clever men began writing about freedom, and urging Russia to wake from her long sleep and free her sons from their bondage to the soil, that they might take a pride in their country. At last, on October 19, 1861, after many a difficulty, the Czar, Alexander II., promised to give the people what they desired. He set his seal to a decree, which said that any peasant might buy land, and that the State would lend him money to do so, or that he might pay the nobleman who owned the land a rent in money or labour. This was called the **emancipation of the serfs**.

How the bells pealed in Moscow when the decree was made known and read in every church! The peasants from the districts all around kissed one another, just as they did on every Easter morning. They were full of hope. They could own the land, and could move from place to place. They were free to do as they pleased. But their hopes died, for in a short time they found that the high prices of the land made them fall into debt and sell both cattle and crops. Many were threatened with starvation, and had to bind themselves once more to work on the nearest nobleman's farm to pay off arrears of rent. Before very long the peasants were almost as badly off as before.

Sad times followed in Moscow, for many enlightened people began to press for reforms, but the Czar and his officials set spies everywhere, and forbade public meetings, fearing a revolution. Many a time the people walking in the streets saw men in chains, and knew that they had been working in the cause of the oppressed, and were being exiled to Siberia. Punishments grew more unjust and cruel, but the reformers increased, and they held their meetings secretly in cellars and private houses, anywhere to be out of earshot.

For many years the people groaned under a tyrannical

Czar and corrupt officials. Another war against Turkey, and one against Japan, made everyone miserable, and at last, in 1905, the peasants revolted. Even students and women rushed through Moscow and other towns, crying: "We want a parliament. We want to help to make our own laws." When the revolution was crushed they got their parliament. It was called a **Duma**, but Moscow only heard and spoke of it, for it met at St. Petersburg.

But trouble continued, for the Czar was still an autocrat, and because his advisers were bad, he put many obstacles in the way of reform, and new troubles broke out all over the country. Still the reformers met in secret, saying: "We will make Russia free," and talking over their plans.

While Russia was still struggling, the great European War broke out (1914). Nearly all the European Powers were involved. Russia's chief allies were England and France, her old enemies of the Crimean War.

Waving flags and cheering, the people of Moscow saw once again long lines of soldiers march through the streets. Day after day they crowded into market-places and news offices to read and talk of the glorious victories. But very gradually their enthusiasm began to wane. Munitions, food, and equipment grew scarce, and soon long queues of hungry people clamoured for bread outside the bakeries. "What is happening to our money, our railways, and our rich corn land?" cried the starving multitude. What, indeed? Government officials had mismanaged the transport of troops, stolen the money, forgotten or deliberately held back the arms and equipment. Many a poor brave soldier went to battle unarmed, and the people who had cheered them through the streets of Moscow, now wrung their hands, crying: "Where are the guns?"

Discontent led to rebellion. In 1917 revolution broke out in Petrograd, as St. Petersburg was now called, spread to Moscow and to other towns. The Czar was forced to abdicate, and the soldiers, hearing rumours that the land was to

be divided among them, began to leave the trenches and drift to their homes. "Give us peace and freedom," they cried, and it was not long before the great Russian army had melted away.

Then it was that the **Bolsheviks** rose to power. They were a party among the reformers who wanted to move much further and faster than the others, and to put all power in the hands of the peasants and workers. To carry out their reforms, they indulged in a terrible campaign of bloodshed and sweeping changes, just as the French had done in their revolution nearly two hundred years before. Once again, Moscow became the most important town in Russia, for the Bolsheviks made it the seat of their government.

Russia is now no longer a Czardom, but a republic, and its capital, once a little timber-built village, the centre of a tiny principality, and of an ever-growing empire, has become the headquarters of a vast revolutionary movement, for the Bolsheviks, believing their government to be the best, are trying to spread their ideas all over Europe and Asia. History has yet to show us the influence which the town of Moscow will have upon the world.

Five hundred years passed, and during that time Geneva gradually became a medieval city. It was not a city blessed by abundant trade, although, every year, there were fairs where merchants sold all manner of goods and housewives laid in their supplies. Neither was it a peaceful town. You have read in your history books about the feudal system and how, as money was scarce and land plentiful, men who were rewarded for their services by grants of land paid their rent by working for their overlords and fighting for them in times of war. Farmers were under counts, and counts in their turn were under bishops and dukes, who had received their gifts of land from the emperor and ruled like little kings.

Now, Geneva was a bishop's see, and the bishop himself had the chief power in the town, in fact he had the rank of a prince, but all around his district lay the lands of the Duke of Savoy. Duke after duke tried to get possession of Geneva, and the story of the city is the story of a long struggle between bishops and dukes. At last the dukes grew so strong that they might soon have obtained the city for themselves had not a new protector appeared.

This protector was the **Swiss Confederation**. To understand what this means you must turn for a moment to a map of Switzerland. As you see, the country is divided into a number of districts, which are called cantons. Before the thirteenth century the various districts had suffered very much, both from their own aristocrats and from foreign overlords. At last three of the forest cantons, Schwitz (from which we get the name Switzerland), Uri, and Unterwalden, formed a league to protect themselves. This league was called a Confederation, which means a brotherhood. Inch by inch the people won more liberty, and refusing to submit to count or duke, only acknowledged the authority of the emperor. These three little cantons formed the centre, around which Switzerland gradually grew. By degrees other cantons joined the Confederation, until in 1499 it had

developed into a free country and ceased even to acknowledge the emperor.

All this time Geneva, at the far end of the lake and surrounded by the dominions of the Duke of Savoy, watched the neighbouring Swiss cantons growing strong, and without joining the Confederation made alliances, first with one canton and then with another, so that whenever trouble with the duke became unbearable, the poor harassed bishop and his people could call the Swiss to come and help. This annoyed the dukes very much, and during the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries they perpetually worried unfortunate Geneva.

At this point you had better glance at your magic mirror, and you will see a very surprising picture. That angry-looking man, in rich silks trimmed with fur and with a little velvet hat, is the Duke of Savoy. All these men, seated on either side of the long table, are his nobles, who live round about Geneva. They seem to be having a sort of banquet. Do you see the serving-men handing round great bowls of rice? One of the guests has jumped to his feet and has seized a ladle. "Ha!" he cries, "with this will I swallow Geneva!" And now every guest has sprung from his seat, seized a ladle and hung it round his neck. "To Geneva, to Geneva!" they cry, and are gone through the open doorway.

It is a strange picture, is it not? Perhaps you will think that it is too strange to be true. Nevertheless, those nobles did attack the city, and people called them the "ladle-squires." Fortunately for Geneva, the Swiss helped to drive them back, and finally the duke was obliged to recognize the city's independence, and for a while all went well.

But Geneva had hardly settled down when a great change took place. In the stories of Rome, Paris, and Amsterdam, you read about the **Reformation**, and how Europe became divided into two religious parties—Protestants, who refused to acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church, and Roman Catholics, who remained faithful to him. Geneva was one

of the towns which helped to bring about the Reformation. It became Protestant and, instead of a bishop, a Frenchman, called **Calvin**, was invited to come and make the laws.

Calvin was a very strict Protestant, but the laws which he made for Geneva were connected not only with the Church, but with the every-day lives of the people, whose conduct he wished to be a reflection of their religion.

If you were to look into your mirror now you would see a very different picture from that of the gay pleasure-loving city and the determined men and women who fought against the ladle-squires. You would see the theatres closed. You would catch no glimpse of dancing on the green or in the houses, nor any gay parties of boys and girls at play. You would see people going to church and listening to the service without music or singing. And if you were to get a picture of the council-chamber, you would learn that Calvin had given the people themselves very little authority, but had chosen twelve of the city clergy to form a court, known as the **Consistory**.

Watch for a moment and you will see the Consistory at work. Among many good laws it seems to be making some very strange ones. Matters which you would think quite private come within its scope. It is even regulating the shape and colour of the clothes which people wear. It has decided, too, that no one shall have more than one dish of meat and one vegetable for dinner.

And now the picture is changing. The Consistory is going to punish people for breaking its laws. Those girls are being scolded for skating, and that miserable man, who looks as though he does not know whether he is standing upon his head or his heels, is a barber. He has been curling a lady's hair, and adding to it little false pieces, and so he will be fined. Out in the street a man is being led in his shirt and with a lighted torch in his hand. He is making a public confession in three of the squares, because he has spoken ill of Calvin.

Our mirror could show us many such pictures, but we cannot spend too much time over Geneva in this plight. Many of Calvin's laws were ridiculous, but he did much that was good, and under his rule the town gained a moral strength and the citizens a stricter discipline, which made life a nobler thing.

While these severe laws were being enacted many people rebelled, and a party, calling themselves the **Children of Geneva**, attempted a sort of revolution. They were driven from the city, but into their empty places came French and Italians who sympathized with Calvin and were admitted to citizenship. Geneva, now, began to be more important. Scholars and religious leaders flocked to it, and after a while an academy was formed and became the foundation of what it is, to-day, the Geneva University. So many scholars came to the town that a great writer called it "the abode of an intellectual light." Geneva's religious ideas spread through France and into Scotland.

Gradually the strict laws were relaxed, but the city, trained in the school of Calvinism, had grown stronger and wiser. It was now better able to resist its enemies. Indeed, it needed every ounce of strength and wisdom, for the dukes of Savoy began once more to harass it. One night in 1602, eight thousand of the duke's men drew up outside the gates for a surprise attack. They brought ladders with which to scale the walls, and for this reason the battle is known to history as the **Escalade**. Very quietly they set up their ladders and leapt lightly over the walls, but the Genevese were ready. They fought them hand to hand in the streets fiercely, and with great slaughter drove them back through the gates. Never again did the dukes of Savoy attack the town of Geneva. The city's independence was sealed, and in the cathedral joyful men and women sang with full hearts: "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and

earth." Even to-day, on the anniversary of that great delivery, people still sing in gratitude the hundred and twenty-fourth psalm.

But Geneva's troubles were not over. The enemy outside the gates had been overcome, but within there were nobles who made life difficult for the citizens. In the old days,



CALVIN AT A COUNCIL IN GENEVA.

(From the picture by Labouchere.)

Geneva had been governed by a bishop, then by the Calvinists and the Consistory, and now aristocrats or **Patricians**, as they were called, were in authority. Throughout the eighteenth century Geneva suffered much from these nobles, until rebellion brought a fairer government, and the citizens hoped at last for peace.

Unfortunately, the end of the eighteenth century was not a peaceful time in Europe, for this was the age of the French

Revolution, about which you read in the story of Paris. A day came when French soldiers invaded Geneva. The terrible guillotine was set up in the market-place, and not long afterwards the town lost that independence over which it had rejoiced nearly two hundred years earlier, and was made a part of France (1798). Taken by surprise, the citizens were filled with consternation, and great was their anger when French newspapers were brought into the town from Paris, and they read how Geneva had welcomed the change, and was proud of being made a part of the great republic. The Genevese could do nothing. They could only watch and wait. While they were waiting Napoleon became Emperor of France, and set out to conquer the world and make his country the greatest of all empires. Of course, the task was too difficult, even for a gifted general like Napoleon. After many a victory he was at last overthrown, but he had left a changed world. In the story of Vienna you read how the Great Powers, which had beaten him, met in council to decide the future of Europe. This council was called **The Congress of Vienna** (1815), and it brought another change into the life of Geneva. It decided that the gallant little country of Switzerland, which had so often befriended our city, and which Napoleon had made subject to him, should be once again independent, and that Geneva should join the Swiss cantons.

Ever since that day Geneva has been one of the most important towns in Switzerland; but we cannot close our book without another glance at the magic mirror.

What do we see, first? Just a man with a kind, sad face, writing at a table. His name is **Henri Dunant**, and he is writing a book describing the terrible sufferings of wounded soldiers, who have no one to care for them. He has seen these soldiers, and his heart has been torn with pity. And as we look at him the picture changes. It is the year 1864. People have read Dunant's book. Other countries besides Switzerland have been thinking about it, and now men of

many nations have come to Geneva to try to do something to help the soldiers. Foreign ambassadors walk about the streets, everyone talks of the great **Geneva Convention**, the promise made by the European governments to take better care of the wounded, and in warfare, never to attack the hospitals, nurses, and doctors of their enemies. It is because of this Convention, and the promises made later, that if European nations go to war with one another, all honourable soldiers respect the hospitals, the sick, and the wounded of their enemies. It was after this Convention, too, that the Red Cross Society was started in Geneva, and grew so quickly that it soon had branches in every Christian country.

And, now, one more picture will complete our story. To-day, the town which is mirrored in the waters of the lake, holds a very important place in the world, for it is the headquarters of the **League of Nations**, that league which was formed at the close of the great European War (1914-1918). Although you were only little children when this war was being waged, you know what suffering it brought, and how not only soldiers and sailors were killed, but civilians, who were bombed from aeroplanes, or died of diseases brought by starvation and cold, when the ships carrying provisions and clothes were destroyed. You know, too, how many people were crippled or totally disabled, and how difficult life became when prices were high, and how, indeed, we have not yet paid for the cost of the war.

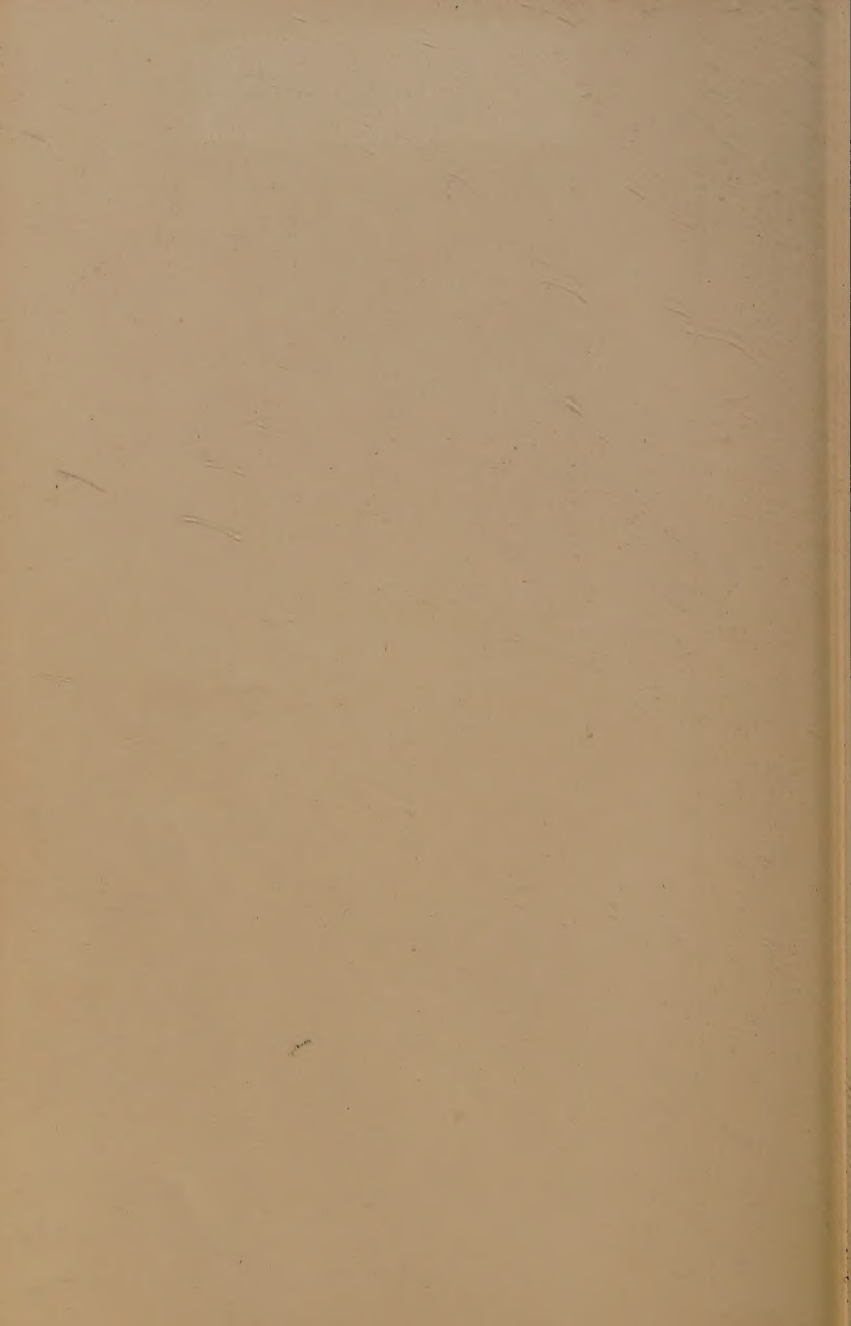
Statesmen, who lived through those terrible years, began to see that if many other such wars were waged, our civilization would soon come to an end, for the nations would destroy one another. And they thought that if the nations could meet together in a sort of parliament, to talk over their difficulties and disputes, and agree to help one another in various ways, much could be done to prevent future wars.

It was this idea which led to the formation of a League of Nations, to which more than three-quarters of the world already belongs. And so it has come about that to the little

town of Geneva the troubles of many countries are brought. There is a Council, which tries to settle disputes between different nations, just as our law-courts try and arrange quarrels between individuals, giving judgment as to who is right and who is wrong. There is an International Bureau, which collects information about the conditions of labour all over the world, and makes suggestions as to how these conditions may be improved.

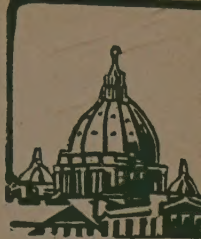
There is a Health Committee, which inquires into the causes and cures of disease, and spreads this knowledge all over the world, so that the nations may become stronger and healthier. There are other committees, too, all working for some good object, so that the picture we get of Geneva to-day is a little town, where men and women of many different races are trying to help one another to make the world a better place.

Our magic mirror has given us a peep into the past and into the present, but it cannot show us the future. That future we are all helping to make, and you boys and girls of to-day and of to-morrow may do much for Geneva. You can begin to do this in quite small ways, while you are still at school. By learning languages you will gradually understand the ideas of other nations, and although you may still talk of them as "foreigners," they will seem less foreign, and you will find that they have much in common with you. By learning history you will follow the joys and sorrows which they have had throughout the ages. Even the stories of a few of the world's cities, such as you have read here, will help you to understand the sufferings and ambitions of other races. If you understand, you will sympathize. And if you sympathize, you will want to know more about the nations and the League, which is working for their good and that of your own people. When many people are interested in a thing, that thing becomes stronger, so your sympathy with and interest in the League of Nations will add to its power, and in this way you will help to make the future of Geneva a picture of which the whole world will be proud.





*For Boys and
Girls of Six
to Twelve*



ATHENS

ROME

JERUSALEM

CONSTANTINOPLE

VENICE

BRUGES

CITIES AND THEIR STORIES

EILEEN POWER
AND
RHODA POWER



In this book, the child is given stories of the great cities which will interest him more than fiction, and which will be of value to him in his later study. Simply phrased and carefully presented, these stories make an outline of history that will delight any child.

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